The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Our prediction about Cleveland's cabinet: It will be an eminently good one.

Since Cameron feels certain of the Senatorship for himself he will likely hang Beaver back in the closet for governor next time, and show his gratitude.

The Bellefonte *Republican* says Cleveland was not honestly elected and it could prove it. Well, why don't you prove it?

Mr. E. L. Gray, editor of the Bellefonte *Daily News*, died on 8th. Mr. Gray was highly respected at Bellefonte and esteemed for his many virtues. In the conduct of his *Daily* he showed good journalistic ability. We are sorry for his demise. Peace to his ashes.

Cleveland being elected and should it prove true that now the South will eat up the North what can the North do about it when it is eaten up? That is the ugliest question of the hour.

The Republicans have fired paper wads at the "twin relic" for twenty years. No wonder not a single Brighamite has been wounded! Mormonism has witnessed the birth and death of the Republican party, which in its twenty years of undisturbed power has allowed Utah to have twenty years of polygamy.

J. W. Furey is an applicant for the Bellefonte post-office. Joe would make a good P. M., he is a printer and an editor and a life-long Democrat, and as associate editor of the *Watchman* has done good service to the party.

Read adv. of *Morning Patriot* in another column. The *Patriot* is one of the leading Democratic journals of the state, and always full of spice and life. It is an aggressive paper and talks Democracy in its purity and with ability. It gives all the telegraphic news, and is the only morning paper that reaches this county at noon on day of publication.

A friend from Harris township writes the REPORTER a complimentary letter on its earnestness and consistency as a "reliable Democratic organ, always true as steel, and ever advocating the right." Thanks. Yet we must say there is occasionally one in the ranks, who does not like that kind of an organ, and will do all possible to injure it. We find that in proving true and doing what is right, honorable and fair, there is a small class of Democrats who will be offended at the REPORTER, and not lend it any support. Sorry for such.

Cameron may not have a smooth walk-over for the senatorship after all. The Independents are trying to put in some discordant notes but whether it will stop the Cameron pipers from blowing their tune through will remain to be seen. There may be fun ahead and it would be laughable after all to find Cameron having a great big house in Washington and no-body liven in it.

Cleveland refused a Newfoundland pup and Grant has refused to have a pension. If all others who are not deserving a pension, yet drawing such, were to refuse, there would be no need of watch-dogs at the Treasury gates.

It is supposed that Cameron holds the next legislature in his vest pocket and will have it re-elect him to the senate.

When there was some question as to what the complexion of the legislature might be, Cameron was in favor of Beaver for Senator, out of "gratitude." But since he feels that it is all under his thumb he takes neither Beaver nor gratitude in his, and the legislature will be asked to take a Cameron cock-tail straight and say its good. How are you, independents?

A good many political snobs are making cabinets for Cleveland. Cleveland himself does not seem to let that little matter trouble him. Why should he? the Democracy has an abundance of excellent material and Mr. Cleveland will have no difficult task to get good timber for his cabinet. With such able and pure statesmen as adorn the Democratic ranks the president-elect will be able to select a cabinet, that will meet the approbation of the country, while on his way from Albany to Washington, March 3.

What did the late election mean if it did not mean that there should be a change and that the Republicans should walk out? Hey! Fiannigan of Texas would ask, What else did we vote for?

Logan's last: Me and Bet may be elected back to the Senate after all.

——Congress is in session and will hardly get to work in earnest until after the holidays, every member will want a new suit of clothes during the holiday recess and will buy it at the Philadelphia Branch, which seems to be the only place that keeps clothing fit for a congressman to wear. Lewins & Co. have got on a new stock of cheap suits for the holiday season and offer it very low.

AFTER MONTHS OF SUFFERING THE MINERS ARE COMPELLED TO GIVE IN.

The indications are that the long strike in the Hocking valley is finally at an end, and soon peace will again reign supreme. For several months the miners and operators have been struggling hard for the supremacy, but at last the former are compelled to succumb and comply with the demands of the latter. The strikers stood firm as long as there seemed to be a prospect of success, and certainly the hardships and sufferings which they have undergone has never had an equal in the mining districts of Ohio. From the start the operators resolved to win, and now they have accomplished their undertaking.

The officials of the Hocking valley say that the trouble is all over and they have not the slightest fears of any new outbreak. Nearly all the old mines, together with several new ones, are in full operation, and the output is fast increasing. A number of miners offered to go to work, and said the union men would also go to work if the syndicate would give them the 50 cents per ton, without having them sign the contract.

Others asked if the syndicate would not agree to a compromise. The officials replied to these overtures that the day for compromising was past, that they had won the battle, and now could not afford to accept terms from the conquered. They gave the miners to understand that they now had 1,400 men at work, and could only furnish work for 300 more. They already had enough men under contract to start every mine they owned, which they contemplated doing in a few days.

TO BE STARTED BY ELECTRICITY.

A delegation of Congressmen, headed by Commissioner General Morehead, of the New Orleans Exposition, Senators Lamar and Hampton, called upon the President and requested him in view of his inability to be present at the opening of the Exposition, to consent to open the Exposition by electricity. The plan is to clear the one of the Western Union wires and attach one end to the motive power of the machinery in the Exposition. The other end will be connected with the White House, and at a fixed moment, everything being in readiness in New Orleans, the President, surrounded by his cabinet, members of congress, judges, government officials and foreign representatives, will press the button in the Executive mansion and instantaneously set the vast machinery of the Exposition in motion. The President agreed to take this proposition under consideration.

A blow has been struck at the dressed-beef trade. The new freight rates to the seaboard from Chicago went into effect on 9. These are, 40 cents per 100 pounds on cattle and 70 cents on dead meat, as against 20 cents and 32½ cents, respectively, previous in force. The commission men at the stock-yards claim that the advance is a boon for live-stock shippers and the stock-yard interests east of Chicago, and a blow at the dressed-beef trade of the city.

A few days ago in Louisville lawyer Cornellson cowhided Judge Reid of the Superior Court causing the latter to commit suicide from shame. Cornellson was afterward sentenced to three years in the penitentiary by the court at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

A bill is before congress for the admission of Dakota as a state.

Wade Hampton has been re elected Senator from South Carolina.

The New York Republican organization is reading all Independents who would not vote for Blaine out of the party.

Senator Bayard was invited to Albany to see Gov. Cleveland. That looks as if he'd be Secretary of State.

——Reader, if you have received a little dun from the editor of this paper, be kind enough to quickly respond. Although the amount is small, remember that many of them figure up a sum that he cannot afford to be deprived of indefinitely. Therefore forward the amounts by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Registered Letter, or Check at once.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 8.—Less than twelve months ago, Mrs. Hugh Blair, of this city, gave birth to three children, all of which are living and in good health. Saturday evening the same lady gave birth to two boys and a girl, making six children born to the lady in less than a year.

——A further reduction in the price of ready made clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, so as to enable the poorest to get a good suit for the holidays. Men's and boy's suits of all styles and prices, and far cheaper than sold at any other place. Lewins & Co. never ask prices that leave room to complain of. This is a fact.

Get us one new subscriber and $2.50, and pay us $2.50 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly World" and the "Reporter" 1 year. tf

——Ladies' hand bags, leather and plush, at Wolfs for the holidays.

Bargains in linens—Garmans. 10

Bob Ingersoll says he has no notion the Democrats are going to ruin the country. He would simply be a learned fool if he did. There are dunces who do believe such stuff, because they hear some learned fools say so. The very idea carries its absurdity with it. The Democrats are a majority of the people and are engaged in all the industrial pursuits that we have in the country equally with the Republicans, and to ruin the business interests of the country would be to ruin the occupation of Democrats along with thoes of Republicans.

Now who but a stupid fool will believe any thing like that?

Yet there are demagogical blabberers and unprincipled organs in the Republican party that will preach just such nonsense.

The Democrats are just as much interested in the prosperity of the country as are the Republicans, and more so, because the former comprise the majority of the people.

The Democrats made this country what it is—a vast empire in territory and unparalleled in its growth in population. Democrats have annexed, purchased and acquired every foot of territory beyond the narrow strip along the Atlantic coast which constituted the thirteen colonies. A liberal system of naturalization laws, enacted by the Democrats, drew hither the oppressed and downtrodden of other lands and have swelled the revolutionary three millions of 1776 to fifty millions in 1880.

The Democrats to ruin the country? with the Republicans who talk such stuff, the wish is father to the thought.

THE GRANGERS' ANNUAL STATE MEETING.

Harrisburg, Dec. 9.—About two hundred Grangers were present when the twelfth annual session of the State Grange was called to order this afternoon by Grand Master Leonard Rhone. Among the number were many prominent Grangers from all parts of the state, every county of prominence being represented. The work of organization occupied the afternoon session. At the meeting this evening Grand Master Rhone delivered his annual address, carefully reviewing the work of the past year. To-morrow morning's session will be devoted to the appointing of committees and the election of officers to serve during 1885-86.

Next day all the old officers were re-elected: Rhone, Master; Thomas, Secretary; Calder, Lecturer.

THE STATE GRANGE.

Victor Piollett Urged for the New Commissioner of Agriculture.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 11.—The session of the State Grange to-day was occupied in hearing the reports of standing committees which, after being read, were variously discussed. The Committee on Agriculture deemed the study of this subject to be a science requiring the most complete research for its successful adoption as a pursuit. They recommend that the study of agriculture be introduced in the public schools as is mathematics and classics. The report closes by commending a sister Commonwealth for passing a statute prohibiting the sale of compounds not the fruit of the dairy, and recommends the adoption of such an act by the Legislature of Penn'a. The committee urge Col. V. E. Piollett for Commissioner of Agriculture under Mr. Cleveland. The committee on Education made a report and among their recommendations are the following: First—That the teachers devote a portion of the time to topics of a "practical character" not discussed in the ordinary text books. Second—That the minimum school term be six months. Third—That text books be furnished scholars by school directors at wholesale prices. Fourth—That the State appropriation for school purposes be increased. Fifth—That all parents be compelled to send their children to school for four months of each year between the ages of seven and fourteen. Sixth—That the number of school directors be lessened, and that they receive a reasonable compensation. The instalation of officers took place this evening, after which the Grange adjourned *sine die*.

MOVEMENT AGAINST CAMERON.

Pittsburg, Dec. 13.—A secret conference of anti-Cameronites was held in this city this afternoon. Several members of the next Legislature from the eastern part of the state were in attendance, besides a number from Allegheny county who were elected on a promise to vote against Cameron for United States Senator. The meeting lasted several hours and was very harmonious. Twenty-five members, it is claimed, have given their promise to vote against Cameron. A mass convention will probably be called here some time next week to denounce Cameronism and pass resolutions demanding that the Allegheny Representatives shall vote against the present senior Senator. If the meeting is a success others will be held in various counties throughout the state.

A RICH OLD BEGGAR.

Pittsburg, Dec. 9.—Pierre Prefaur, an old blind beggar, died a few days ago, leaving over $5,000 in a dollar savings bank. He left no clew to his heirs.

For burns, scalds, bruises and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Be sure and get the genuine.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World" and the REPORTER for $2.50 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

Next to a Cabinet with Senator Bayard in it, the country would be glad to have a Cabinet such as Senator Bayard would advise.—Philad. *Times*.

Then why didn't they choose Bayard for President? That would have produced a Cabinet entirely according to Mr. Bayard's taste.—N. Y. *Sun*.

For one reason, because the *Sun* proclaimed Bayard could not be elected on account of a speech he once made.

Rumors of opposition to Cameron's re-election are still floating in the air. We are greatly mistaken if Don does not have the bigger portion of the Republican legislators in his vest pocket.

Knowing ones predict that the price of grain will advance considerably in the spring. This would be a good lift for our farmers. Hope it will prove correct.

A WOMAN ABOUT TO BE DISSECTED DISCOVERED TO BE ALIVE.

She Recovers, and Finally Marries a Young Physician.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 11.—A reporter of the "Republican" visited Egremont to-day and gleaned some new particulars of the grave robbery mystery. The case is farther than ever from solution, and the story grows more sensational at every step. Judge Rawley, Secretary of Egremont, and executor of Miss Estelle Newman's estate, said he first heard the story purporting to be the confession of the dying man, H. Worth Wright, a few days ago. Wright was home on a vacation when Miss Newman died. With some other students, he took the body of Miss Newman to West Stockbridge in a sack and conveyed it to Albany on a night train. The students prepared to dissect the body when there were signs of life and they succeeded in restoring her. She was insane. After consultation Miss Newman was taken to Bellvue Hospital, N. Y., where she stayed a while and was subsequently taken to the residence of an uncle of one of the students in Schohaire county, New York, where she regained her reason about two years ago. When H. Worth Wright died in Connecticut she read about it and said she knew Wright, and from that time on her memory came back and she was fully restored to health and subsequently married a young physician, a nephew of the man in whose care she had been since leaving the hospital. He further added that the couple was now living in New York State, and propose visiting Miss Newman's friends in Berkshire county.

Four old hunters of the northern Pennsylvania woods whose unexpected violent deaths preceded that of Daniel Carey's were Sid. Cadey, Sile Reeves, Jim Jacobs and Abe Downing. The youngest of these was Cadey, who was sixty-five, and the oldest Jacobs, who was eighty-five. The death of Cadey was more terrible than any of the others, and was a lingering one of starvation and exposure. He had lived for more than 40 years in the woods around the headwaters of Kettle Creek, in Elk county. He always had bear traps in all parts of the woods. He went out from his cabin one day after a heavy snow storm. He was not seen again in his usual haunts. In the spring a party of fishermen in passing through the woods found the bones of a human being scattered about a rusty steel bear-trap in a lonely spot. The bones of both ankles and both feet were in the trap. A long gray beard and remnants of clothing were found with the remains. The pocket of a vest was found, and in it an old silver watch. By these the remains were identified as those of Sid. Cadey. He had accidentally stepped into one of his own bear traps, which had been snowed out of sight, and being unable to extricate himself had died of a lingering death, unless it had been hastened by wild beasts, the numerous tracks of which about the trap told plainly that they had at least stripped the flesh from the bones and scattered them about as they were discovered. The remains were collected and buried on the spot, which was marked with a flat stone inscribed with the unfortunate hunter's name and age.

Sile Reeves was killed by a tree falling on him as he was walking through the Potter county woods.

Jim Jacobs was a Seneca Indian, who had been a hunter in the Pennsylvania woods for 75 years. He killed the last elk ever seen in the State. On one of his bear hunts he was snow-bound for four days in a crevice in the rocks, with nothing to eat and exposed to the bitter cold. When the storm ceased he was compelled to dig his way for more than a hundred feet through the drifts to an open spot in the valley. He was too week to drag himself to his cabin, but seeing a spot of snow melted at the mouth of an opening in the rocks he knew that a bear was lying in its den there. He dug away the snow and built a fire of hemlock boughs in the mouth of the den. The smoke rolled down the opening and presently the bear stuck its head out of the mouth of the den. Jacobs immediately buried his hunting axe in its head, and following it up with another blow, dispatched Bruin. He ate bear meat and slept all night in the bear's den and next day was able to reach his cabin. He was the hero of innumerable hunting adventures and was covered with scars. Last summer while returning from a fishing excursion, he was run over by a locomotive on the Erie railway and instantly killed.

KILLED BY HIS WIFE.

San Francisco, Dec. 10.—A man named Kennedy, a saloon keeper, was killed by his wife to-day. She first attempted to kill herself but missed and turning the revolver on her husband fired, killing him instantly. She then made a second attempt to shoot herself but again failed and gave it up. Jealousy was the cause of the trouble.

New York, Dec. 10.—The republican associations of two wards in Brooklyn to-night expelled several men for voting for Cleveland.

THE "STRANGLERS" IN PARIS.

Quite a new development of the science of robbery with violence is exercising the minds of the Parisian police and public. The "stranglers" of Paris have none of the charming impartiality which distinguished the operations of the Western garotter and the Eastern Thug. For these any wayfarer or exposed person was sufficient. The Parisian "stranglers," on the other hand, select their victims from a single humble profession. None but a belated cabdriver or omnibus conductor seems suitable; and, indeed, there is much shrewdness in the selection. Late at night he is carrying with him his earnings for the day. His business takes him into all kinds of lonely neighborhoods; and, when he has driven a gang of four strangers to some quiet locality, what is there to prevent them, in settling the fare, from "settling" the driver too? A passing policeman would take little notice at first of an "altercation" at midnight between a cabman and his passengers, and before his suspicions are aroused the deed is done. The robbers have decamped with the day's "takings," and the cabman is left half dead beside his empty vehicle. With the omnibus conductor a different mode is adopted. The gang of four wait until they find themselves the only occupants, and the conductor, as his custom is, takes the corner seat to check his way-bill. Then they leap upon him at once, the fatal noose is adjusted and drawn tight. His money-bag is carried off, and the omnibus passes on with the injured conductor gasping on the seat. The increasing popularity of this form of crime in Paris, and the impunity which attends it, show that, as things stand at present, the criminal classes have "struck oil" at last.

THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO.

Unlike most great rivers, the Congo has no delta. It discharges into the sea, by a single, unbroken estuary, seven and a half miles across, in which a sounding line of 200 fathoms does not everywhere touch bottom, and a current runs of five to seven knots an hour. This enormous volume exceeds that of every other known stream except the Amazon. A conservative estimate of the amount of water discharged by it is 2,000,000 cubic feet per second. The Mississippi, when at flood hight, carries down no more than 1,500,000 cubic feet, and sinks in the dry season to 228,000. Moreover, the Congo never runs low. It swells and sinks, as the rainy and dry seasons succeed each other, but within a relatively narrow range of oscillation.

Lots of crude pants left over from last season are being chopped up into proper lengths for glove fingers. The tailors of this country don't believe in wasting anything.

FORTY PERSONS DROWNED IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER.

Baltimore, Dec. 12.—The first information of a terrible loss of life during the storm of Tuesday night on the Rappahannock River and lower bay was received here to-day upon the arrival of the steamer Mason L. Weems, whose officers gave brief particulars of the catastrophe. The victims were for the most part colored men who had been tonging for oysters in the river when the gale burst upon them. The wind blew a hurricane and the waves quickly rose to a height of 20 or 30 feet, tossing the small canoes, in which the men were clinging, about on the waters like shells. The loss of life is estimated by some as high as forty, and seventeen dead bodies have already been found.

CUT HER CHILDREN'S THROAT.

What Cheer, Iowa, Dec. 9.—At Thornbury station, five miles north of this place, Mrs. Wm. Schultz yesterday murdered her two children by cutting their throats with a razor and then terminated her own existence in the same manner. She is supposed to have been laboring under a sudden fit of insanity.

COAL OIL IN ALABAMA.

Mobile, Dec. 9.—It is reported on good authority that oil has been struck at Cullum's Springs, Choctaw county, in such quantities that it cannot be secured.

AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

Vienna, Dec. 14.—By an explosion in a colliery of the Staatseisenbahn Company, at Anuna, Steyrdorf, South Hungary, 75 men were killed, all of them husbands and fathers of families.

A jury in Washington Territory composed of eight men and four women was kept all night in a locked room, and an account of its experiences shows that one woman slept quietly on an improvised bed and the other jurors quarreled themselves half to death. The jury disagreed, two of the women holding out against the stubborn two others and eight men. But the Chief Justice of Washington Territory says the experience of admitting women to the jury box is a great success.

The "New York Weekly World" and the "Centre Reporter," one year, for $1.60 in advance.

You will find our prices on curtain poles to be the very lowest.—Garmans. 10

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS, PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

As has been for years customary, the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will place on sale during the Christmas and New Years holidays excursion tickets between all principal points on its main line and the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, North Central Railway, and West Jersey Shore Railroad. These tickets will be sold on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1884, and January 1, 1885, and will be good to return until Jan. 5, 1885, inclusive. For any additional information inquire at ticket offices of the company.

——Silvered and Bohemian vases, in great variety, for Christmas presents, at Wolfs.

A WHOLE FAMILY BURNED.

Pottsville, Dec. 9.—About 4 o'clock this morning the crew of a train on the Lehigh Valley railroad passing Trenton a mining village half a mile from Delano, noticed smoke issuing from a frame tenement house. They stopped and gave the alarm and in a short time the village was aroused. All hastened out into the street except the family occupying the burning house.

It seemed impossible to arouse them. Whether they were overcome by smoke or gas it is impossible to say. A strong wind was blowing and in almost less time than it takes to write it, not only this building, but the three adjoining ones were enveloped in flames.

The house in which the fire started was occupied by a family named Barlow. All efforts to reach and secure them were unavailing. In a short time the house was consumed and in the embers were found the charred remains of the entire family, consisting of Frank Barlow and his wife, middle aged people; their three children, aged respectively fourteen, ten and four years, and James Fitzgerald, a boarder. The origin of the fire is uncertain, but it is supposed that it caught from a stove and that the family had been rendered unconscious by smoke or coal gas.

All dry goods purchasers presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

It is in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it, then take the empty bottle back to your dealer and get your money.

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Arasene, chenille, filoselle embroidery silks—Garmans. 10

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The "Harrisburg Weekly Patriot" is a large 8-page sheet and contains a greater variety of reading matter than any other paper published. It is newsy, spicy, instructive and entertaining. The subscription price of the "Weekly Patriot" is $1 per annum cash in advance.

CLUBBING.

The Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly Sun will be sent to any address, post paid, 1 year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly World to any address, post paid, for one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Saturday Record, post paid, one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Weekly Times, post paid, one year for $1.85. In all cases the cash must accompany the order.

THE DAILY PATRIOT

is the only paper published at the state capital; the only morning paper outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg that gets the complete Associated Press news, and that has a general system of special telegrams; and the only daily that reaches interior towns of Pennsylvania before the Philadelphia and New York papers. The Daily Patriot has been greatly improved in all its departments within the last six months and is now equal in all respects and superior in some to the dailies of the larger cities. Price by mail $6 per annum in advance (or $7 if not paid in advance); six months, in advance; $1.50 for 3 months, in advance; to clubs of five $5 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten $4.50 per copy per annum. The Daily Patriot and the Philadelphia Daily Record (Sunday edition excepted) will be sent one year to any address for $8 cash in advance. Send for specimen copies of the Daily and Weekly Patriot. In remitting money for subscription send post office money order, check or draft. Address,

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THE REALM OF LIFE.

Far, far away in the distance
  Lieth the bounds of life,
Lieth its pulsing sweetness,
  Lieth its quick'ning strife.

Never its glow enchanting
  Greeted these eyes of mine,
Turning toward it ever
  As to a shrouded shrine.

Once, thro' the misty distance,
  All on a sea of song,
Led by a spirit tender,
  Drifted my soul along.

Nearing the mystic portals,
  Then from a deep disguise
Flooded a light like morning
  Down from her starry eyes.

Eyes that were like twin oceans
  Troubled with fitful rain,
Bright as the sky, for pleasure,
  Dark as the clouds, for pain.

Faint came a breath of odor,
  Light fell a rhyming tread,
Rustle of robes anear me,
  Sudden, and swift, and sped.

Far, far away in the distance,
  Lieth the bounds of life,
Lieth its pulsing sweetness,
  Lieth its quick'ning strife.

JANET'S WAGER.

'Well, I know one thing," said pretty Bessie Carlton decidedly. "I never shall marry a man with red hair. May Brown doesn't how know she has lowered herself in my esteem by marrying such a fellow as Clem Weston. I wouldn't have believed it of her. But the deed is done; she really has married him; here are her wedding cards, Janet," and she tossed them across to her friend. "No, indeed," she went on, leaning back in her comfortable lawn-chair, "my mind is made up, mark my words, Janet. I never shall marry a man with red hair." Janet laughed most provokingly.

"Don't be too sure," she said in a warning tone, "there's no telling what you may do before you die, as old Miss Gaylord is always saying, 'we're born but we're not buried.'"

Bessie laughed, then asked seriously, "But why shouldn't I be sure? I never could fall in love with him, Think how unromantic it would be. In novels the heroes alway have 'waving auburn curls,' or 'jet-black locks.' I never have come across one endowed with my pet abhorrence, red hair."

"I regret to express my feelings Bessie," said Janet coolly; "but I feel it my duty to tell you that you are making a goose of yourself," and while her friend stared in a mixture of surprise and indignation she continued calmly. "To begin with, you are not in a novel, so you can hardly expect young men with 'auburn tresses' and 'jet locks' flying to the wind, to be always hanging around doing nothing, as seems to be the aim of the impossible heroes in the impossible romances that you refer to, and to end with, you are only a girl doomed to live a useless, unromantic life, like all the rest of us, until some kind creature with black or red hair, I don't know which, shall take pity on you and marry you. So I wouldn't be so vehement against the unknown red-haired if I were you. Do you know," she cried starting up. "I will wager a box of French bonbons that you marry a man with not golden hair, not auburn, but real downright red hair; what will you give me if I win?"

"This diamond," answered her friend. lazily touching the beautiful jewel at her throat.

"O no," remonstrated Janet, "I won't take anything so handsome; you are too generous."

"Not at all," was the reply, "because I am sure I never shall have to give it up."

"Eh bien! nous verrons," was the quick retort. "Ah," changing her tone, "here come the boys," as across the lawn towards them came two handsome young fellows.

"What's the row," called one of them as he came up; "we heard your excited voices as we rode up the avenue, and with our customary courage flew to the rescue. Whose life is in danger?"

"It is just this," explained Janet. "Bessie declares she will never marry a man with red hair." Upon this Laurie passed his hand complacently over his own blonde curls; "And I have wagered a box of bon-bons against her diamond pin that she will. Won't you take it down in black and white, Fred?" turning to her cousin.

"Certainly, your majesty," And after a prolonged search amid his numerous pockets he produced a diminutive note-book wherein he made a most business-like record of the bet and the stake put up by both girls.

"And now we shall see who wins. I am all anxiety, although I think with Janet that you are doomed to lose your bet, Miss Carlton," turning to her.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow and Janet's cousin, while his companion Laurie Edwards, was only a friend down on a fortnight's visit.

Laurie was Miss Carlton's devoted slave, and now he cried eagerly.

"I don't see why she should lose. I am sure she has every opportunity to win."

"Oh, yes, we all know she has every opportunity," laughed Fred mischievously, causing Miss Carlton to blush and Lourie to vow vengeance against him; "but I doubt whether she will avail herself of these same opportunities, even to save herself from losing."

"What a beautiful sunset," cried Bessie, desperately; the country is always beautiful, but especially so on summer evenings.

"The rays of the departing sun have affected your cheeks, my dear," said Janet; "Won't you take this seat? It is more in the shade than the one you have. This vine will screen you entirely."

The answer to this kind offer was a stony glare, which so amused her that she could not resist laughing, a proceeding which infinately disgusted Laurie and Bessie. Fred restored the peace of the party by saying quietly, as if nothing had happened:

"By the way, Janet, if you don't object, I think I'll ask Dick Landsdale down for a few weeks."

"Of course you may ask him — any one that you choose; why, where are you two going?" as Laurie and Bessie were strolling off.

"Just for a walk on the beach," answered Bessie over her shoulder. "Won't you join us?"

"Two is company, four is none," called Janet. "Who is Dick Landsdale anyway?" she asked, turning to her cousin.

"That's just the joke," he cried eagerly. "He is the nicest fellow going, but he has the reddest hair you ever saw. He is fascinating, handsome and intelligent—just the man for Miss Carlton to fall in love with. Now this is my plan: I shall insist upon his wearing a wig over his objectionable hair while visiting here?"

"But," interrupted Janet, "do you think he will be willing?"

"Oh, yes, I know Dick." was the reassuring answer. "Then I shall expect him to fall in love with Miss Bessie, and trust her own stony heart will be touched; then when they are engaged he shall appear with his natural red hair, the plot shall be disclosed, I shall beg forgiveness, you shall win your bet, and the curtain will go down on the villains you and I, Laurie the disappointed lover, and the happy pair, Dick Landsdale and Miss Carlton."

"That would be splendid," cried Janet: "but suppose she doesn't fall in love with him, what then?"

"Why, nothing. There will be no harm done, only a crushed plot. But I am sure she will like him."

"Poor Laurie," said Janet, "I feel sorry for him."

"Well, you needn't, she doesn't care a snap for him. You can see that he bores her awfully, and he'll get over it in no time—I have been along there myself. Come now, let us join them on the beach. Remember, mum's the word."

A few evenings after, as Laurie and the two girls were standing on the gallery, preparatory to taking their customary evening ride, the dogcart came bowling up the avenue, drew up at the steps and out of it sprang Fred Miles, followed by a tall, dark-haired, gray-eyed young man with an intelligent face and distinguished air. After the usual introductions Janet, with her most gracious smile, turned to the newcomer, saying:

"If you are not too tired, Mr. Landsdale, we will be happy to have you go to ride with us."

"I have already ordered his horse, so he will have to go whether he wants to or not," interrupted Fred before his friend could reply.

"There, Laurie," as a groom brought around the horses, "you, Miss Carlton, and Mr. Landsdale will go together, while we two prog along behind."

Laurie frowned a little at this arrangement, but, as it could not be helped, he submitted to his fate, though glowering darkly at his friend. No sooner were the three ahead, out of earshot, than Janet bent forward, crying delightedly: "He's very handsome, just as you said, and his hair is beautiful. I never would have guessed it was false if I had not known all about it."

"Yes," said Fred in a satisfied tone of voice. "I am sure our plot will succeed; I think she fancies him already. See how attentively she listens when he speaks. Poor old Laurie; I am almost sorry for him. I don't think he will stay much longer after this; he'll learn his fate and depart."

Nor was Fred mistaken. After two weeks of protracted misery, Laurie could stand it no longer, so declared his love, was told calmly by the object of his adoration that she "would always be his friend, but nothing more," and the following day departed at war with all men, or rather all woman kind.

With the conspirators all went well. Bessie, unconscious of Janet's treachery, expressed to her without any scruples, her admiration for Mr. Landsdale's many good qualities.

"He is so intelligent," she said one evening after a long discussion on the subject of "Woman's Rights,"

"Yes, dear, I agree with you," was the sympathetic reply, encouraging Bessie to go on. "And so handsome. Don't you think he is handsome, Janet?"

"Very," said Janet, enthusiastically; then, glancing up with a mischivous look in her eyes, which Bessie remembered only too well afterward, 'don't you think his hair is beautiful?"

"Lovely," cried her friend. "Ah, Janet; I think I shall—" She stopped short, overcome with confusion, for she was going to say "win my bet."

Janet understood, pretended not to notice, finished the sentence off in her own mind and told her fellow conspirator that night she thought things were turning out very well.

At length the crisis came. They had been rowing on the lake all the evening Bessie and Dick in the front boat, Janet and Fred in the one behind. It was quite warm rowing in spite of the pleasant breeze hovering about, and Dick had dropped his oars and stopped for a while to rest. Strange to say, silence had fallen upon him and his companion. He broke it by saying, abruptly:

"I am going away to-morrow. Aren't you sorry for me, leaving all this beauty and pleasure for a dusty desk in a busy office?"

She had been leaning over the side of the boat, letting the water run through her hands, but now she started up glancing at him with a hurt, pained look in her big blue eyes.

"You are not really going so soon?" she said slowly, as if she couldn't believe it.

"Yes, really," he answered picking up the oars and begining to row with unwonted zeal.

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said quickly, "I won't go right yet. I will wait awhile, then take you back with me. I am not a rich man," he went on hurriedly, "but I have enough to make my wife happy. Will you come, Bessie?" He dropped the oars, held out his hands for answer. She put her own dimpled white ones in his big brown ones.

Just then the boat ran into the wharf, bringing them back to their senses.

The walk home was very quiet and rather embarassing. Bessie wondered if it was exactly right to accept a lover without so much as asking her father's leave. To be sure, his indulgence and weakness to her was proverbial. Still she thought she ought to have gained his permission first. She expressed her fears to Mr. Landsdale, who set her mind at rest by producing a letter from her kindest of parents, giving him permission to try his fortune, winding up with "she's a dear girl, Landsdale, and as I like you, I hope you will succeed."

By this time they had reached the porch. With a hasty "good-bye" she sprang up the steps and rushed away to her room, where Janet, on her return, found her, vainly trying to cool her tell-tale cheeks.

"Won't you come out on the lawn for a game of croquet" she said, pretending not to notice.

"No, thank you; I have a raging headache. You go down like a dear girl. I will come down to-night. I may feel better then."

"Perhaps you may; it will be dark;" with which farewell shot she departed to inform Fred she thought "the blow was about to fall."

With the night and moonlight came Bessie out on the broad front gallery, blissfully unconscious that Fred and Janet were ensconced behind the blinds, waiting, as Fred expressed it, "to see the fun." She looked around, surprised to see no one, and had half determined to go back, when some one stepped out from the shadow of the pillars and came toward her.

"Is that you Dick?" she cried, darting forward; but no—she drew back with a hasty "I beg your pardon," for the moonlight shone full down on as red a crop of curls as ever were owned by man. "Excuse me," she went on, "I took you for Mr. Landsdale."

"And so I am," answered a familiar voice, "surely Bessie, an absence of two hours can't have made you forget my face?"

"I haven't forgotten you, Dick," she cried piteously, "but what," she hesitated—then desperately, "what's the matter with your hair?"

"Now, don't be angry with me, darling, and I will tell you all about it," he said, persuasively. "You know you said you would never marry a man afflicted with red hair, so I adopted this ruse to make you love me. 'Tis true I began it all as a joke, but soon I was terribly in earnest." And then he told her the history of the plot. When it was finished the blinds flew open and out rushed the conspirators.

"Pity and forgive, most beautiful lady, "the humblest of your servants," cried Fred, falling on one knee, while Janet overwhelmed her friend with kisses, crying at the same time, "Oh, I have won, I have won, I have won!"

As for Bessie, she forgave them both; then, with tenderest smile, said, laying her hand on her lover's, "I think I would have loved you anyway, Dick, in spite of your real red hair."

Trout.

The wild duck is probably the most destructive of all the enemies of the trout, for it confines itself entirely to feeding on their spawn. Always a glutton, when a duck finds the spawning beds of trout in the small streams that feed the main water, it will soon devour thousands of eggs and shovel the entire contents of the breeding places into its stomach, if not molested. One flock of wild ducks can easily destroy the entire breeding prospects of any trout stream in a short time.

Flowers are the pledges of fruit.
A bad custom ought to be broken.

Rise of a French Marshal.

Andoche Junot was a Burgundian by birth, born in 1771, and in his youth, after a preparatory schooling, he studied law but never practiced. When he was 21 years of age he enlisted in the army as a volunteer; it was in the height of the revolution, a few months previous to the execution of the king, Louis XIV. In September, 1793, when Paris had become comparatively quiet under the constituent assembly, Napoleon Bonaparte, then scarcely known beyond the old convention and his own section of the army, was sent to wrest Toulon from the English and Spanish; and among the men under his command was young Junot. During the siege that followed Napoleon had occasion one day to send a dispatch to a distant point. He was in the saddle, halted before the company to which Junot belonged, and, running his eyes along the line, he asked if there was one of them who could write. Junot raised his cap and bowed, upon which he was called out and conducted to the right of the line, where the musicians were; and here a large drum was set on end, paper, pen and ink furnished, and the youthful soldier was directed to write. He took the pen and dashed off the dispatch in a clear handsome hand, and was just beginning to write the closing signature when a cannon ball—a forty-two-pound round shot—tore up the earth close to his left foot, covering him and the drum with dirt. Without so much as the quiver of a finger, without a perceptible hesitation, the writer gave the paper a flirt to throw off the gravel, and then finished the mesage laughingly saying as he did so: "That dirt is rather too coarse for blotting sand; but it has done no damage." And he folded the missive and directed it; after which he handed it up to his commander, who had been all the while narrowly watching him. "Young man," said Napoleon bluntly, "you are cool headed and brave. What can I do for you?" "I know of nothing general, unless you can cause these worsted epaulettes to be taken from my shoulders and silver ones put in their place." "Very well," answered the commander with a pleasant nod, "you can ride?" "Anything that can be ridden by man, I think." "Then find a horse and carry this message to its destination. My orderly will furnish you. Bear the message and then report to me." On the following day Junot was made a lieutenant, and he was a captain at the end of the month, having, on account of his daring courage, won the sobriquet of "The Tempest." In the campaign of 1797 he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and in Egypt he was a brigadier-general. After this he became governor of Paris, then lieutenant-general, then marshal; and in the end he was made duke of Abrantes.

Paper of the Past.

Many years ago, before the days of National banks, "shinplasters" were the only medium of trade. Gold was scarce and treasury notes by no means plentiful. Banks in those days generally lived about long enough to issue a lot of notes and then went gently but firmly to their graves. Naturally the manufacture of banknote paper was an important industry, and among the most active producers of it was the old Wilcox mill in Chester county, Pa., whose make was well-known, and whose wares found ready purchasers. The paper it made was of the finest kind, and the notes always outlived the bank issuing them. The old mill is still standing, but it has long since discontinued the manufacture of shin plasters. A few days ago the old place was given an overhauling and a lot of the material sold to a junk dealer in West Chester, who, in examining his purchase discovered buried away under a lot of debris a large quantity of this old bank paper.

It was ascertained that the paper had been placed away over 65 years ago and forgotten. The junk dealer sold his find to a dealer who will dispose of it in turn to some of the fashionable printers. They will print in ancient and antique type upon it wedding, ball and other invitations, and thus what was once intended for money will after a long sleep make its appearance in fashionable circles in another way. The paper bears little or no marks, except a very slight discoloration of its long rest. It is made of pure linen fibre, by hand as its rough edges attest. It is unusually strong and a dealer said recently that it is better than any paper manufactured at the present time.

Phenomena at the Equator.

Twilight phenomena of a similar character to the appearances lately so prevalent were according to letters just received, observed in the Island of Mauritius. This is especially remarkable as in that island as a rule, night follows the day without any noticeable transition. On several evenings of October, however, there was a splendid glow in the west quite half an hour after sunset, and when night had fairly set in this glow soon extended over the whole sky, being reflected on the clouds and covering the island with a purple tint. The sea is described as apparently on fire, the vessels and their masts looking black and standing out in bold relief. The same phenomena was observed before sun rise.

Cheap Copper.

Copper was never so cheap as now. The present price is about 13 cents a pound. The old price, a few years ago, was 18 to 20 cents, and during the war it went up to 50 cents. Curiously enough, as the price of the copper has gone down, the uses for it have increased, and hundreds of things are now made of copper that were formerly made of cheaper metals or not made at all. Who has not noticed the sudden increase of articles made of brass—the beautiful placques on which the ladies paint, the tons of chandeliers, gas fixtures, frames, and a thousand of other things—all resulting from cheap copper, for brass is two-thirds copper and one-third spelter or zinc?"

"How do you account for all this?" was asked of the manufacturer.

"I do not know exactly how to account for it," he said, "but it is a fact. Here is a copper tea kettle, such as I used to pay $2.25 to import. I can now sell it for 75 cents and make a profit. The home manufacture has increased enormously. Thousands of workmen are employed who are new at the business Processes of manufacture have improved. We are learning how to make things to better advantage. We can export instead of import. I do not think the tariff has much to do with it. Here are seamless edge, planished copper tea kettles, extra heavy, spun from the bottom up to the breast, making a body of great strength. I sell them to the trade at $26 a dozen. It was not long ago that one of them—indeed, one not so good as one of these—would cost almost the price of a dozen. For a few cents more we sell them nickel plated. They are used as ornaments for parlor stoves sometimes. Here are urns, tumbler warmers, cuspidors, jewelry boxes, brass mats, umbrella stands, hat racks, stove pipe collars, stove legs, stove platforms, and lots of things that could not have been made a few years ago, owing to the high price of the copper. Now they are becoming articles of every day use."

In another large copper store were more than sixty varieties of brass placques imitating hammered work, at prices varying from $1.80 to $26 per dozen. This is comparatively a new business. In another store were copper bath tubs of half a dozen patterns, basins, closet pans, boilers, pipes and copper balls for water tanks. Walking up Fulton street among the wire stores, there were copper and brass cages, wire cloth, and other copper utensils sparkling in the sun.

"How do you account for the boom in the copper and brass business?" was asked of a merchant in that line of trade.

"Easily enough; we can buy cheaper."

"What makes it cheaper?"

"The coming in of Arizona and other western copper to complete with Lake Superior copper. The price has kept going down, but the demand for copper has kept pace with it. New uses were made of it every day. Formerly the lake copper people had it all their own way. They would calmly announce the price of copper for the year, and all we would have to do would be to pay it. But now it is quite different. The Arizona copper is not quite so good, but it answers just as well for many purposes, and keeps the price down. The lake copper is about half a cent to a cent dearer, but the monopoly is gone. The old high tariff on copper, from which fortunes were made, is no longer of any account. We no longer take any account of foreign copper, but we are now exporting plenty of it and plenty of manufactured goods."

The rapid progress of electrical inventions has required an immense consumption of brass and copper for electrical machinery. It has been found out that copper wire has many qualities that make it desirable for telegraph lightning and telephone lines for which, during the high price of copper it could not be used. Now the copper wire trade is enormous and constantly growing, and the varieties manufactured are many and curious. Tons upon tons of these varieties in wire are kept in stock, though only a short time ago such a thing was unknown in the trade. Immense quantities of brass and copper are used in house, hardware, water fixtures, railroad supplies, clocks, and fancy goods, where other and cheaper metals were formerly made to do, all owing to the marvellously low price of copper.

Whales.

The whales of the Pacific Ocean seem to be in love with the Pacific coast, and are hugging it very closely from San Francisco to San Diego, and are running very near to land. Hundreds of these seagoing animals, which are warm-blooded and not fishes, are now within the reach of hunters of that game.

A little leak will sink a great ship.
A man can do no more than he can.
Charity is the first-born of religion.
Custom is the most powerful master.
A little more breaks the horse's back.
A man apt to promise, is apt to forgive.
True refinement unites strength with purity.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you.

A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty, or young at eighty.

It requires no small degree of art to know how to conceal it.

Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.

As a man is known by his company, so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself.

Not one is perfect; all have their defects. Each one leans upon the rest and love can render this weight light.

We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star.

Any man can do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.

When you fume and fret at the petty ills of life remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character—indeed without the former the latter is impossible.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and poor than among those who profess to be Christians.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it; and to be conscious is that which gives kindness to the invective.

No case can be more destitute than that of a person, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasure of the mind.

Our understandings are always liable to error; nature and certainty is very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretense.

Memory is a net. One may find it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

There is a gentle element, and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure, and this is human happiness.

Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

Thinkers are as scarce as gold: but he whose thought embraces all his subject, who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.

True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind; and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short Spring days were an eternity.

God made both fears and laughter, and both for kind purposes;—Tears hinder sorrows from becoming despair and madness: and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

Some readers are like the hour-glass (their reading is as the sand; it runs in and runs out, but leaves not a vestige behind); some like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier; some like a jelly-bag which allows all that is good to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who casting away all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.

In most men and women there is a reserve fund of sentiment and feelings which is inexhaustible: the dreams of youth do not fade entirely out of the sky even of those who are unfaithful to their early ideals; they still remain along the horizon line like the memory of a beautiful day. However men and women may distrust and restrain the expresston of their deeper feeling, they are always eager to hear and quick to answer the honest utterance by another of that which lies silent and hidden within themselves.

BOHEMIAN LAND.

Oh for a day together
In the woods so still and green,
In the fairest summer weather
That love has ever seen;
To watch the blue sky shining
Where boughs are intertwining,
And sunlight falls enshrining
The soft, sweet air between.

Oh for the ringing laughter,
The hours of dreamful ease,
The songs that follow after
The preludes of the breeze;
For joys we may not number,
For strains that softly cumber
The folded wings of slumber,
As foam lies o'er the seas.

For one day, love, one only,
Through all the fleeting hours,
Ere laughter leaves us lonely,
Love's land and light are ours;
Too soon will cares enthrall us,
Too soon the world will call us,
Too soon its ills befall us
As frost befalls the flowers.

Leave colder hearts to hearken
The simple household lays;
Where leaves and branches darken,
We'll list the song love plays.
Then vain the rise and falling
Of fireside voices calling,
While those sweet airs are thralling
This brightest day of days.

Oh for a day together
In the woods and windy dales,
In the fairest summer weather
Dawn fires or starlight pales.
Then with that day's declining,
To part like exiles pining,
At sight of sunset shining
Upon some home-bound sails.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.

"Now, see here, my friend," said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp's face, as he balanced a dime on the tip of his finger, "I'm not going to read you a homily on the subject of labor, but I want to present to you a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the territory is swarming with men of your class. No less than six, begging for for money, have stopped me on the street to-day: while down there at the yard—indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles surrounding a building in the distance—"we haven't had three applications for work in a month.

"Try me."

"Do you imagine you would work if you had the chance? I have had a little experience with fellows of your sort. You have such remarkable appetites." He addressed him generally, as the representative of a race. "You work half an hour, then come around with the plea that you can't work on an empty stomach, draw an advance of half a dollar on your wages, and that is the last we ever see of you."

The man retorted so sharply, that one could almost have fancied the poor remnant of spirit still abiding in him, stirred him to something resembling wrath.

"That's always the way," he muttered. "Say we won't work; they won't give us a show. I know we're a pretty low—down lot, but some of us start out square enough. If a man gets down there is no getting up again."

There was something almost pathetic in his very sullenness, as he shuffled away, his rags flapping in the strong breeze, and ill mated shoes clattering an accompaniment to his gait.

"Come back here, will you?"

John Proctor's voice was stern and decided. The tramp halted, hesitated, looked away, then shuffled back again.

"Come down to the yard this afternoon, and I'll give you a job. But take this half-dollar and get filled up first."

He had exchanged the dime for a larger coin, and held it in his outstretched hand.

The man did not immediately extend his hand to take it. In the moment or two that elapsed, the young lumberman thought he detected a trace of something allied to resentful pride, in his bearing. But the illusion vanished as a grimy hand closed greedily upon the silver, and the fellow disappeared without even troubling himself to make any formal expression of his gratitude.

John Proctor looked after him with a quizzical smile. Five minutes later he knew his own name would be the toast of a drunken crowd of loafers in the saloon around the corner. To be sure it wouldn't help to advance a certain Quixotic reputation which had attached itself to him since his first advent in this little New Mexican town. But he steadily adhered to his creed: Grant that ninety-nine out of a hundred of this population were thieves and mendicants, he was wont to say he preferred to be victimized by the ninety and nine, rather than miss that hundredth man.

Arrived at the Park, a strip of land running through the heart of the place, the title to which was in dispute between the railroad company, a handful of determined squatters, and the government, John brought down the wire fence this noon with one vigorous kick. Kicking down this wire fence was one of the legitimate pastimes of the inhabitants, who could not afford to make a detour of a mile or more to reach their place of business, nor yet hazard garments by scaling it. These encroachments on the part of the citizens had once been resisted with warlike demonstrations; but now, as Proctor stepped through the gap, a patient looking, round-shouldered little man advanced, trundling a wheel-barrow laden with a huge coil of barb wire, and, politely greeting the tresspasser, set about repairing the fence. Parsons was in the employ of the road, and scrupulously obeyed his instructions, but a gleam of humor in his eye told that he sympathized with the transgressors.

As John Proctor took his way down through the Park in the direction of his office he seemed to throw off the unpleasant reflections which had been annoying him, with one shrug of his powerful shoulders. The young man's eye's fell cheerily upon the somewhat incongruous array of buildings that constituted the town. He gloried in the homely little edifices, squatting over the ground in various directions. Had not every foot of lumber been supplied from his own lumber yard? And did not this avalanche of trade mean—Annie? Nothing could be mean or poor, which brought these weary years of waiting to an end. He was a practical man, little given to enthusiasm of any sort, but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with their purple shadows and golden lights. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of Western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of central Illinois all her life! The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice, as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hard-worked bookkeeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several car loads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed it, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly.

"Yes, I've come!" he said. "What are you going to give me to do?"

John Proctor put on his hat, and went with him into the yard, where an empty car was waiting to be filled on an order from a neighboring town. He showed the man a small slip of paper tacked on the end, and was about to explain where he would find the material designated, when the fellow threw off his coat and deftly attacked a pile of scantling, which happened to be the first item that was on the list.

"Hulloa!" said Proctor, gazing at him in surprise. "You seem to know something about this business."

"A little" returned the man, shortly.

The young lumberman took his way back to the office. A little later the ruddy visage of Maxon looked in at the door, as he returned from dinner.

"Oh, by the way Maxon, I have a new man at work out in the yard. You might keep an eye on him."

"Now, Mr. Proctor!" exclaimed Maxon in hopeless protest. "Is it another of them fellows?"

"Well, you see, he declared he was willing to work, and it seems only fair to give a man a chance."

The broad-shouldered young proprietor was avowedly on the defensive.

"So far as I am concerned, of course it's nothing to me," observed Maxon dejectedly. "But it puts me out to have you made a laughing stock all over town. It's a shame—well, it's no use talking. Yes, you may depend upon me to keep an eye on him, sir! Those fellows will bear watching! I say, though, Mr. Proctor, haven't you got mighty close up to that hundred?"

Half an hour later Maxon looked in again, his face lit up with a mischievous smile.

"Don't you want to take a look at your new hand, now, Mr. Proctor? He is just like the rest of them; sitting on a lumber-pile, all doubled up with a pain in——"

A flying Spanish conversation book checked further intelligence, and Maxon dodged around the corner to escape other missiles. At six o'clock, when the hands came up to receive pay for their days labor, John Proctor saw his protege standing off a little distance. The man made no demand for wages, and his employer took no notice of him. As the men filed out the agent of the Plumbago City train, a personal friend of Proctor's came running into the office with a package in his hand.

"Here, Proctor, run them over, quickly, and sign this receipt. "It's the $5,000 from Juarez & Signor. I haven't a moment to spare."

The lumberman hastily counted the notes, signed the name to the receipt in a bold, dashing hand, and the agent hurried off.

Left alone, Proctor drew from his pocket, a long, Russian leather pocket book and laid the notes carefully inside. As he thrust this into his breast pocket he chanced to glance toward the window, and encountered the hungry eyes of the tramp, following all of his movements from without. As the man saw that he was detected, he paused, seemed about to speak, then changed his mind, and sauntered away, carelessly. A vague anxiety assailed John Proctor. It was long after banking hours; there was no help for it; he must be the custodian of his treasure until morning.

He sat up late that night. The payment of this sum was all that was necessary to make the trip a definite and tangible matter. There was a pile of correspondence to be turned off, and a letter to be dispatched to that little woman in Illinois, telling her to discharge her music pupils and make ready for his coming. When he had finished his letters, he sat quietly for a while in his big arm chair. It was a very late when he rose, and, locking doors and windows, proceded to the little inner room, where he slept. He drew off his coat, and, folding it carefully, placed it beneath his pillow. Then he examined the barrels of an English bull dog pistol, which hung upon a hook beside his bed. Reassured by this precaution, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Several hours before, a man had crawled upon a low pile of planks, flanked by two others of towering height. As he stretched himself at full length, with a bundle of shakes for a pillow, he philosophically reflected that such a bed was not to be despised. He was not ill qualified to judge, for his experience had been wide and diversified, and he had learned to weigh the most delicate points of variance with the fine discrimination of a connoisseur.

He had travelled half way across the continent without once knowing the shelter of a civilized roof. He had tented beneath the fragrant shades of orange groves, in Southern California, and in waving fields of golden grain, some terrible July nights on the Colorado desert, where the mercury marks 110 degrees at midnight, parching for water, and choking with the hot dust of the arid waste, waking at daylight to find the delusive mirage mocking him in the distance. He had sunk down exhausted on the barren plains of Arizona, and roused to find himself stabbed in a thousand places by the cactus needles, cast upon him by the malicious breeze; ever lured on by the sweet face of a child who had smiled farewell through a mist of tears. The quiet of the place, the gently stirring air, odorous with the fragrance of the pine woods, and the sleepy twinkle of the stars overhead, and the weariness of muscles unaccustomed to labor, soon lulled him into slumber.

A little later, two glowing sparks of fire seemed to glide down the railroad track, steal around the office and disappear within the long drying shed at its rear. During their progress these sparks of fire occasionally described magnificent curves in the air, in the accentuation of certain rhythmical utterances in the corrupted Spanish of the Mexican tongue. The lowest Mexican peon, who, all his life goes half clothed, half fed, and unsheltered handles his cigar or cigarette, with the fine pomposity and careless grace of the proudest hidalgo.

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a foe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise but found himself unable to, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, and vast sheets of flame darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half dragged, half carried through the little private office and dragged into the larger room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted:

"My notes! in my coat pocket—under the pillow—let me go!"

For an answer he was violently propelled forward into the arms of some men, eagerly crowding through the flaming doorway. He struggled to free himself from their grasp. He fought with them, cursed them, and finally broke down and cried like a child. Maxon's fierce tones recalled him to himself.

"Why, man, do you think we would let you go into that fiery furnace again? See! There goes the roof now."

With a gentle waving motion, the roof seemed to slowly vibrate to and fro, then sank down with a sudden crash, and a flying column of sparks celebrated its downfall.

With half-dazed senses John Proctor stared about him, and his gaze wandered to the sky above, where an angry, crimson glow had blotted out the stars and rested on the distant mountain chains, weirdly reflecting from their seamed fronts and craggy peaks the glare of the unrighteous flames. Would she admire them now?

Surely it was a spectacle to enchant the eye of unprejudiced spectators, whose whole possessions were not being sacrificed to the effect. He turned to the scene before him. There was still something to be done. The cream of the stock had been destroyed, but unless some piles of lumber to the right of the building were speedily removed, the fire would communicate with the whole outside stock, stretching for several hundred yards along the railroad track. He turned to the crowd of men who stood there, inactive, gazing upon the scene:

"Come on and help us save the lumber!"

A couple of dozen of men came promptly forward. The lumberman saw, to his surprise, that the volunteers were almost exclusively composed of the so-called professional men of the town. The local officials of the railroad, a well dressed set of fellows, commonly viewed with contemptuous eyes by the hard working portion of the population, presented themselves to a man. The tall form of Judge Cheseman, a stiff and somewhat aristocratic legal luminary, loomed up in their midst. A quiet looking little real estate agent, leaped upon a pile of shingles and began to fling the bunches down to a chemist below. The two rival editors (for the least of New Mexican villages usually boasts its miniature newspaperdom), who had exchanged shots on Gold avenue the previous day, glared cordially at each other along the lengths of timbers they undertook to transport to a place of safety. The laboring population offered scarcely a representative, save in the person of a few contractors and mechanics, who had learned to know and like the pleasant young lumberman.

The men worked like heroes. Their energy never waned until a faint light in the east began to rival the red glare which the flames, through the medium of the high, rare atmosphere cast over the desert plains for miles around, and every piece of lumber was removed to a safe distance.

Worn and wearied, John Proctor sat down to rest upon the wheel of his own copying press. A gradual change had taken place in the ranks of the loungers. Many of the spectators of the night had gone home to refresh themselves with a nap, and the remainder were re-inforced by a straggling corps of men who had slept all through the turmoil and excitement. One of these, a stout fellow with a big diamond blazing in his shirt bosom and a mimic beerbottle suspended from his massive watch chain, was recounting his experience, as all people revel in detailing their individual impressions on the occasion of a fire.

"You see, I was sleeping like a log when Lizzie caught hold of my shoulder, and she says: 'Bob Bob, wake up, I tell you. The sky is all afire, and there must be an eclipse!' I reached up to see if my pocket book was safe."

The words brought back to John Proctor a sense of the loss he had sustained. At that moment Maxon strolled up, flushed with exertion. He had just administered a sound kicking to a couple of young Mexicans, whom he had detected making off with a keg of building hardware.

"Maxon," he said abruptly, "did that fellow who got me out last night come out safely himself?"

"Now I think of it," returned Maxon; "he went back a minute; but he got out all right—just as the roof fell in. I thought at the moment a piece of falling timber hit him, but he scrambled off fast enough."

A dread suspicion assailed John Proctor's honest heart, but he repelled it sturdily. Yet all day long, as he wandered about, answering a thousand idle questions, or fishing from the ruins various mementoes of the wreck, there would constantly intrude upon him the memory of two greedy, devouring eyes, peering through a window, a strange retreat into a burning building, and disappearance into the shadows. When night came, it was necessary for some one to stay and guard the ruins, for if the wind should rise, some smouldering piles of lumber might be fanned into a blaze, and the remainder of the stock swept away. Maxon, wearied and hollow-eyed, offered his services.

"Not a bit of it, Maxon. Go home to your wife and babies. I have engaged a man,"

Proctor did not add that the watchman he had engaged was no other than himself, but when the rest had gone home, he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night it was a dreary solitude. A fiery spark, miles away over the level plain, developed into the headlight of the locomotive of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the depot below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruins.

John Proctor who had been slowly pacing to and from, sat down upon a bunch of shingles and buried his face in his hands. He knew, what not even Maxon had guessed, that this disaster had wrought his irreparable ruin. It would require every cent of his insurance money to settle his outstanding liabilities, for he had done business on the rushing western plan, and had carried a stock out of all proportion to his capital. If he could only have saved that $5,000, or if he had not been so ambitious. Annie had been ready—poor little girl. She had even proposed bringing her piano to this raw southern town, and eking out their income with the result of her own labors. On one point he was resolved. Whenever he got square with the world again, he would put his pride in his pocket, and humbly presenting himself, before the little woman, ask her to share his fortunes, for better or worse. O, God! how long would it be? A sharp groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he arose and stood erect. His quick ear had caught the sound of some heavy body slowly moving over the ground.

"Who is there?"

"Only me. Is that you boss?"

John Proctor bent forward and perceived a man slowly crawling along in the shadow of a pile of joists. As the figure emerged into the moonlight, he saw that the fellow dragged one leg helplessly after him. His suspicions melted away beneath his natural kindness of heart.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a falling timber, boss, but the fire got into my eyes, and I can't see very well." He had drawn himself to Procter's feet and stopped, turning a little upon his side, his head propped up with his hand.

"You see, when I came through the door something fell against me, and not seeing you, and not being able to get about very well, there were so many of those cussed Mexican thieves about, I was afraid they might make off with this?—holding out a flat leather book which John Proctor seized with a glad exclamation. The man went on talking in an absent way.

"I wouldn't have liked to have you think ill of me, you're the first man who gave me a chance since I got down. I wasn't always a loafer, sir. You spoke of my knowing something about the business, and to be sure I ought, if 15 years as a 'sorter' in the Wisconsin lumber regions can teach a man anything of lumber; but when my wife died I struck off out west; it's been hard luck ever since—and my little girl—back there with her grandparents"—

His voice seemed to fail for weakness.

"What have you eaten to-day?" asked the other sharply.

The man answered reluctantly and almost in a tone of apology.

"You see, sir—down there among the lumber piles how could I?"

John Proctor was a man given more to action than speech. He addressed the man now in clear, decided tones.

"Do you think you could hold on to my back while I carried you down to the hotel?"

"Why, sir! It wouldn't be fit."

"Shut up! Put your arms around my neck.

The office and barroom of the hotel, a pretentious edifice of Eastlake architecture, held its usual quota of respectable loafers, when John Proctor entered with the uncouth figure on his back. A gurgle of laughter ran through the crowd. The majority thought the young lumberman's brain had been turned by his recent losses, and that his dementia had taken the form of a violent development of the weakness with which he had hitherto been accredited. The laughter suddenly ceased when the young man went straight to the clerk, saying, in clear, ringing tones:

"Give me the best room you have. This man, who saved my life last night, is badly hurt. Some of you," turning to the idlers, "go at once for the surgeon on the Atchinson road."

A dozen men sprang forward to relieve him of his burden, to help him carry the poor fellow to a comfortable room where he was gently laid upon the bed. The sufferer received these attentions in silence. His dim eyes stared incredulously about the room, and inte the kindly faces bending over him. That anything like this should happen to him. How long would it last? Would they let him have one good night's rest before turning him out again? When once more on the desolate plain wandering through sage brush, mesquite and soap weed it would seem like some strange dream. But what was this? The stalwart young lumberman speaking huskily to the doctor:

"And, mind, McLean, do your best. I owe him more than I can tell you. Put him in good trim to take the foremanship of my yard when I get stocked up."

This silly old vagrant buried his face in his pillow and wept.

Two grand engineering schemes, fraught with fair-reaching social and political influences of much greater consequence than those which appear on the surface, are attracting attention in Europe at present. The one is the proposed railway tunnel through the Pyrenees, the coavention for which has been signed by the Franco-Spanish International Railway Commission; the other is for the formation of a company to construct an international railway connecting Europe with Persia, India, Burmah and China.

France A Large Garden.

France is literally a large garden. Every inch of soil is cultivated. In riding from Paris to Dijon, 150 miles, we counted only 30 cattle. We saw no sheep or hogs. The farms have usually from one to 10 acres. Some farms have half an acre, and some have as many as 20 acres. They are usually from 30 to 300 feet wide and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. There are no fences between them. When I asked a French farmer how his farmer happened, like all the rest, to be so long and narrow, he said: "It has been divided up so often. When a French father dies, he divides his farm, and each one of the children has an equal share. He always divides it lengthwise, so as to give each one a long strip. The long strips are easily cultivated, because we plough lengthways. These strips always run north and south, so that the sun can shine into the rows."

"How large is your farm?" I asked.

"My father's farm was 600 feet wide and 2,000 feet long. When he died my brother had half. Now my farm is 150 feet wide and 2,000 feet long. It is quite a large farm. There are many farms much smaller than mine."

"Can you support your family on a farm 150 feet wide and 2,000 feet long?" I asked; for the narrow strip seemed like a man's dooryard in America.

"Support my family?" he exclaimed. "Why, the farm is too large for us. I rent part of it out now."

"But your house," I said, "where is that?"

"Oh, that is in town. Five families of us live in one house there. My wife and I come out every morning to work and go in at night."

"Does your wife always work in the field?"

"Yes. My wife," he continued, pointing to a barefooted and bare-headed woman, at least six feet around the waist, "she can do more work than I can. She pitches the hay to the men on the stack. All French women work in the field. Why not? They have nothing to do at home."

This is true. The wife of a French, English, Irish or German farmer has nothing to do at home. They do not "keep house" like the wives of American farmers. They have no houses to keep. The huts they live in are like stables. They live in the same building with their horses, hens and pigs. They never wash a floor. There is never a tablecloth. They live like brutes. The handsome farmhouse off by itself, surrounded by trees and gardens, does not exist in France.

There are millions of farms in France containing from a quarter of an acre to four acres. I find that an acre and a half is about all the most ambitious man wants. The rent for land is always one-half the crop. The land is worth about $400 an acre; or, if in grape vines, $600.

This is why France is like a garden. In England there are 227,000 landowners; in France there are 7,000,000 landowners. The Frenchman on his two acres, with his barefooted wife cutting grain with a sickle by his side, is happy and contented, because he knows no better. Such a degrading life would drive an American farmer mad. The Frenchman thrives because he spends nothing. He has no wants beyond the coarsest food and the washings of the grape skins after the wine is made. Yes, he is thrifty. He saves money, too. The aggregated wealth of 30,000,000 poor, degraded, barefooted peasants makes France rich. The ignorance of the French farmer is appalling. I never saw a newspaper in a French farm village. Their wants are no more than the wants of a horse. The Frenchman eats the coarsest food; about the same as he feeds his horse. He will eat coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread and wine for dinner, and perhaps bread and milk for supper; he does not know what coffee or tea is. The negroes of the south live like kings compared to a French farmer. Still, the Frenchman is satisfied because he knows no better.

When I asked a French farmer who was cultivating his farm (150x1,500) if he saved any money, he said:

"Oh, not much. I go to all the fetes. I laid by 500 francs ($100) last year. I put in the *Caisse d' Epargne*."

"What is that?" I asked of the landlord.

That is the government saving bank. The government takes the money of the poor, up to 1,000 francs, and gives them 3½ per cent. for its use. The peasant farmers of France have nearly $800,000,000 on deposit in these savings banks. These poor, degraded, half-fed farmers keep the French treasury full of money.

Canada and the Queen.

I remember says M. Ferber, a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spellbound. I uttered the sentence, "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick-room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word "*stop!*" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing: 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor. I meanwhile patiently waiting the *finale* of the interlude. When it had finished I proceeded with my narrative, and as a contrast to the suffering of Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving day for the Queen's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman arose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat that portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.

When is a hairdresser like a Fenian? —When he's a head centre.

Sanitary Suggestions.

A great many cannot see why it is they do not take cold when exposed to cold winds and rain. The fact is, and it ought to be more generally understood, that nearly every cold is contracted indoors, and is not directly due to the cold outside, but to the heat inside. A man will go to bed at night feeling as well as usual and get up in the morning with a royal cold. He goes peeking around in search of cracks and keyholes and tiny drafts. Weather strips are procured and the house made as tight as a fruit can. In a few days more the whole family has colds.

Let a man go home tired or exhausted, eat a full supper of starchy and vegetable food, occupy his mind intently for awhile, go to bed in a warm close room, and if he doesn't have a cold in the morning it will be a wonder. A drink of whisky or a glass or two of beer before supper will facilitate matters very much.

People swallow more colds down their throats than they inhale or receive from contact with the air, no matter how cold or chill it may be. Plain, hearty suppers are good to go to bed on, and far more conducive to refreshing sleep than a glass of beer or a dose of cnloral. In the estimation of a great many this statement is rank heresy, but in the light of science, common sense and experience it is gospel truth.

Of all the animals on the face of the earth, man is the only one that can be trained to go to sleep on an empty stomach. At first—that is while he is a little baby and guided by instinct—he will not do it, but kicks and yells until he gets his stomach full before he will shut one eye. Then he cuddles down and sleeps like a top until he gets hungry again. When he gets big enough to be spanked he is submitted to a severe course of training, which finally conquers his instinct, and in defiance of his nature he can get to sleep with the cries of his nervous and physical system for food ringing in his ears.

His sleep will be more or less disturbed by this clamor, but it is attributed to nervousness. He gets up in the morning feeling tired and exhausted, No wonder; all of the forces engaged in restoring the waste of the body during the working hours have been idle half the night for want of material to work on.

The common sense of the thing is this: While the mind is active the blood vessels of the brain are distended. To secure rest for the mind the quantity of blood in the brain must be reduced. To secure proper digestion of food, the blood vessels of the stomach must be well filled. Now it is so arranged that when the vessels of the stomach are full those of the brain are depleted, and vice versa. Therefore, to exercise the mind and call the blood away from the stomach immediately after eating, interferes with digestion, and, if persevered in, brings on dyspepsia.

On the other hand, by lying down and taking a nap after eating, as other animals are wont to do, perfect digestion is secured. The stomach draws the surplus blood from the brain and uses the increased vital energy to assist in the digestion of the food. The absence of this amount of blood from the brain gives it a chance to rest. Thus two very important organs have been materially aided in the discharge of their particular functions.

Those who have been in the habit of going to bed hungry should not begin ating full meals at once. A small glass of milk, a pretzel, small piece of meat and well-baked bread or toast is enough to begin on.

Cold meats, except pork, baked beans, apples and other light fruits and bread all make good "night caps," far better than bourbon or brandy. Those who work late at night will find a "snack" the very thing to insure them quiet, refreshing sleep.

The same plan is one of the very best for preventing colds, providing the rooms are well ventilated and the sleeping apartment kept cool. When a cold is caught the best thing to do is to give the stomach a rest for at least one day, eating a light supper half an hour before going to bed. A drink or two of hot tea or coffee during the day and a hot, sour lemonade before turning in for the night.

In the matter of dress people cannot be too careful, but there is just as much danger of overdressing as not dressing enough. Wear woolens or merino next the skin, with medium-weight outer garments. Extra heavy overcoats are as bad as seal skin sacques. Medium weights, such as can be worn in spring or fall, are heavy enoug for any except the severest weather. The few days we have of that scarcely justifies the purchase of a heavy overcoat. The emergency can usually be met by doubling up the under garments for the time being. Thick, solid shoes are always in order. Rubbers should be avoided, except when the streets are wet and sloppy, and never worn indoors.

Sealskin sacques are all right if they are used properly. It was not the intention to scare any lady out of buying one, nor to furnish a stingy husband with an excuse for not furnishing the wherewithal if he can afford it.

Wild Dogs.

For about three years the people in the upper portion of the Eighth District of Worth county have lost a large number of sheep and hogs, whithont knowing exactly whether they were killed or stolen. A few days ago however, the mystery was cleared up. A party out hunting saw a number of dogs in the cyclone timber. The dogs were as wild as deer, and the hunters could not get in range of them. Securing a large crowd, a regular deer hunt was organized. Men were placed at regular "stands" where it was supposed the dogs would come out, and drivers were sent in among the timber. Soon the wild canine began to flee, and the cracking of rifles and shot guns in different directions told that the work of destruction had commenced. After the drive was over, a count showed that ten dogs had been killed. Three are known to have escaped.

Ladies' hats this fall will be felt. Sometimes they can almost be heard, they are so loud.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., DEC 17, 1884.

A WOMAN POISONS HER PARENTS AND SISTERS AND SUICIDES.

Whitewater, Wis., Dec. 8.—One of the most startling criminal cases in the history of Wisconsin has developed here within the past few days. About four years ago the Horan family removed to Whitewater from Kosh Kanong, 6 miles from here. About a year afterward the mother died suddenly, six weeks later the father expired, and in one week more one of the daughters breathed her last. The matter excited considerable comment at the time, but it seems never to have been conspicuous enough to warrant a legal investigation. Now Miss Anna is dead. A few days ago Miss Horan complained of feeling ill. Monday evening she woke with great pain and asked for her friends. Three physicians were called, but they could not help her, and next morning she died. An inquest was held, and so thoroughly did they believe the girl had been poisoned that the contents of the stomach were sent to Prof. Bode, of Millwaukee, for chemical analysis. To-day the third sister, Miss Nettie, died of poison, making the fifth member of the family. In this case it was suicide, and before death Nettie confessed to having murdered her parents and two sisters. It is asserted that she also confessed to poisoning another person, though this is doubted. No cause is assigned. Her own death was brought about by fear of exposure through the analysis of her sister's stomach. Nettie was a school teacher and has two sisters still living at Fort Atkinson.

WHAT DO THE DRUGGISTS SAY?

They know what the people call for, and they hear what their patrons say as to whether the medicines they buy work well or not. Martell & Johnson, Rush City, Minn., say, "Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to our customers." Klinkhammer & Co., Jordan, Minnesota, say, "We sell more Brown's Iron Bitters than all other bitters combined." L. E. Hackley & Son, Winona, Minn., say, "All our customers speak highly of Brown's Iron Bitters." A. Whitman, Jackson, Minn., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters is giving good satisfaction to purchasers." These are only a few. We have hundreds more just as good.

WHAT "BOB" INGERSOLL THINKS.

Turning the Republicans Out Will Not Send the World to Wreck.

Cincinnati, Dec. 1.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who is here on a lecturing tour, said in an interview to-night regarding what might be expected of the Cleveland Administration:

"The Democrats are as anxious for good times as the Republicans. They want good money. Responsibility makes them conservative. They have success in 1888 in view. That will make them prudent, and there is no doubt Cleveland will do his best to make his administration a good one, and the probability is he will succeed. I don't think that putting the Republican party out of office will send the world to wreck. There are as many Republicans now as before the election. They will have an influence that the Democratic party will be compelled to respect. If Cleveland does well, as he probably will do, it will show that the country is safe in the hands of either party."

As to the effect of religious questions on the campaign, the Colonel said:

"The Protestants were generally for Blaine, except the Unitarians and Episcopalians—the Northern Protestants of course. Mr. Blaine's managers expected help from the Catholic vote, but it is not to be expected that the Catholics would largely support a man who had been born a Catholic and had deserted the church. The meeting of the clergy in New York did great harm. The people at large have no confidence in preachers. They fear the old ecclesiastical spirit, and they want no President guided by priests or a spiritual adviser. The people are not afraid of a preacher in the pulpit, but when one gets loose they regard the situation as unsafe."

SOMETHING

more or less than five or six thousand different liver pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you can get your money back.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.

FIVE MINERS KILLED IN AN EXPLOSIN AT SHAMOKIN.

Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 8.—A party of miners were at work in a slope off from the main shaft, and it is supposed were working with naked lights. About four o'clock there was a terrible explosion, filling the chambers with deadly gas. The occupants of the mine hastened to the surface as rapidly as they could and it was found that half a dozen were missing.

A search party was at once organized and the fresh air currents were directed to the slope, where the bodies of Duzeman and Kable were found in a terribly mutilated state. Further on Williams was found still living, but burned in an agonizing manner. Owing to the presence of "black damp" the searchers were turned back before they could recover any more. Enough was learned to satisfy them that none of the other men can be alive. To-night another attempt was made to recover them but without success. All the men are married and leave families. It is thought the explosion was caused by cutting a large seam of gas, though this is only conjecture. Precautions are being taken to prevent the mines from taking fire.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World" and the REPORTER for $2.50 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

The Supreme Court has decided that honorably discharged officers who served in the Mexican war are entitled to three months extra.

Get us one new subscriber and $2.50, and pay us $2.50 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly World" and the "Reporter" 1 year. tf

Scientific

A tricycle postal delivery system is to be tried by the Postmaster-General of Victoria at Portland, Sale, and Ararat, with the view of extending it, if it proves successful, to other districts of the colony.

A German paper trade journal says that a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark can be made of 40 parts paper stock, 10 parts phosphorescent powder, 10 parts water, 1 part gelatine, and 1 part bichromate of potash.

Of all the remedies, readily and easily applied, the fluid extract of serpentaria is perhaps the most efficacious in cases of rhus poisoning. Cloths well moistened with it are laid without any friction upon the parts affected. Immediate relief is experienced and two or three applications generally effect a cure.

MM. Delune et Cie have undergoing trial at Toulouse a method of laying subterranean telegraph cables. The arrangement consists of beton pipes, having a longitudinal opening on the top, and connected with cement sleeves. After the cables are placed in them, by simply unwinding as the work proceeds the longitudinal opening is cemented up.

Sir F. A. Abel, Profs. Gryll Adams and S. P. Thompson, and Mr. Thomas Burt, the adjudicators in the Ellis Lever competition for the prize of £500 for a new safety lamp, have been unable to make any award. Of the 4 electric lamps and the 104 oil lamps that had been entered not one fulfilled all of the prescribed conditions. The Marsant, with three gauges, and a lamp designed by Mr. W. Morgan, of Pontypridd, were deemed worthy, however, of special mention.

According to the *Knowledge* there is a sulphur deposit at Djemsa, Suez, in a perfectly rainless desert on the African coast, very near the sea, and constituting a hill 600 feet high, whose sides are blasted down as in quarrying stone. Some 200 Arabs, employed under French engineers, succeed in mining 10 tons a day. A similar deposit occurs at Ronga, 500 miles from Suez, also near the coast of the African continent, which differs only in being buried under other strata.

It is said that the practice in factories in tempering coiled steel springs is as follows: An iron pot filled with lead is heated so that the lead is a full red, or sufficiently hot to raise an immersed spring to the temperature requisite for hardening. The spring when hot enough is quickly plunged into water or lard oil. Then, to draw the temper, a small vessel of linseed oil is heated to its boiling point. The spring is dipped in the boiling oil for a few seconds and immediately immersed in cold oil.

Particulars have been published regarding the proposed ship canal across Ireland. The length is intended to be 127 miles, with 30 locks. Navigation would be effected by a towage system, and it is estimated that the passage from Galway Bay to Kingstown would be accomplished in 30 hours. For ships of 1,500 tons the cost would be $40,000,000; for ships of 2,500 tons, $60,000,000, and for ships of 5,000 tons, $100,000,000. The projected width at the surface is 200 feet, and at the bottom 100 feet.

The mercantile marine of Russia, the Minister of Finance reports, consists of 6,383 vessels, of which 5,779 are sailing vessels, with a capacity of 657,574 tons, and 604 steamers, with a capacity of 111,802 tons and a propulsive energy of 30,612 horse power. In the foreign trade are engaged 1,287 vessels, including 108 steamers; the White Sea contributing 10 steamers and 602 sailing vessels; the Baltic, 31 steamers and 271 sailing vessels, and the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, 67 steamers and 306 sailing vessels.

From the data supplied by Mr. Thomas Schwarz, the manager of the Cologne Central Towing Company, a writer on stream wire rope towage feels justified in saying that altogether the results obtained on the Rhine show that in a rapid stream the current is to be contended against the greater being the advantage of wire rope haulage. A similar system has been employed on the Erie Canal in this country.

Lettuce, says the *Lancet*, is a neglected vegetable, although it constitutes a prominent ingredient in every good salad. At one time the lettuce was supposed to possess saporific properties, but of late years it has, perhaps too hastily, been disestablished as a drug in the repertory of the therapeutist. Some are now strongly insisting that lettuce should be used more generally as food, and suggesting that the leaves ought to be boiled, after which treatment they are said to be as palatable as spinach. If this be the fact it is worth knowing, as spinach is necessarily excluded from the diet of the oxaluric patient, and it is precisely in this class of case as the soothing properties of the lettuce, if it have any, would be valuable.

The "New York Weekly World" and the "Centre Reporter," one year, for $1.60 in advance.

NARCOTICS.

Talking of poisons, the use of narcotics is not confined to civilized people. The Peruvian Indians are so fond of narcotics that they have several beside the coca, the principal substitute for it being the thornapple. Of this the fruit is employed, and from it is prepared a drink which throws the drinker into a deep sleep in which visions of the most remarkable character are seen. The thornapple was formerly much used by the Peruvian priests in playing upon the superstitious fears of the people, as the latter supposed that by its use the former were transported into the immediate presence of their deities; and though the teachings of the monks have tended largely to dissipate these fancies, there is still a large element of the supernatural intermixed with the beliefs about the thornapple. Sometimes it produces strong convulsions or fits of nervous excitement similar to the haschisch, rendering the drinker dangerous. The common thornapple is well known in Europe, and in Germany and France has often been used for criminal purposes. In India there is a class of men very dangerous to travelers, since they make a practice of haunting the common resorts of travel, and whenever they find an unwary stranger whose appearance indicates wealth, will take an opportunity to drop into his food a small quantity of the seeds of the thornapple. Intoxication of a whole day's duration then follows, when the unfortunate man is robbed and left to die or recover, as the case may be, without further concern on their part. In Siberia a common fungus, a common toad-stool, is used as a narcotic, being found in all parts of Northern Europe. It is gathered during the hot months and dried, then used as an infusion. Sometimes the fungus is eaten raw, when first gathered; but this is a wastefulness that no true Siberian drunkard will tolerate. The toad-stool brings out the natural dispositions of the individual to a remarkable degree, the talkative man being unable to keep still, nor the quarrelsome man to refrain from fighting. So extensive is the variety and so wide the geographic distribution of narcotics in one form or another, that it would seem as if they were intended for some good use, though the tendency thus far, it must be admitted, has been to their abuse rather than to render them of any benefit as a medicine.

WHISTLING.

Whistling is a habit that probably everyone has indulged in at some time since the reign of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. When a man is satisfied with himself and the world he generally whistles in a low, soft, contented sort of way. Then there is the little child; long before he is able to talk he will pucker up his little mouth and knock everyone silly by giving forth a consumptive little whistle. As he grows older the whistle grows stronger, and by the time he is able to toddle around the whistle is the biggest part of him. It is now that the nervous mother wishes that the whistle was in "Chicago," but there is no way of getting rid of it; it is the child's best friend, and he always carries it with him. Should he be in the pantry with a piece of mince pie in each hand, and happen to hear his mother coming, the pie will suddenly disappear, an innocent expression will come over his face and he will begin to whistle some Sunday school hymn. No matter how timid a boy is about going in the cellar after dark, send him down with a coal scuttle after some coal, and you can tell the minute he gets into the dark. He will begin to whistle as loud as he can, and when he emerges into the light again his face will be calm. He has been whistling and forgot all about the ghosts and bears. It is amusing to hear half a dozen young men as they leave the theatre attempt to whistle a selection from some opera. They never keep in time, and their whistling sounds more like a flock of geese that has been shot into than like a tune.

AN UNSTEADY ISLAND.

Once during a heavy gale from the east, a party of spongers in an open boat were driven off shore, and so fierce was the hurricane that their only hope was to keep the boat before the wind and run out into the Gulf. For four or five hours the headlong race was kept up; but finally the wind abated, and by early morning the sea was as smooth as glass, a peculiarity often noticed there after a gale. They had been carried far out of sight of land, and were well-nigh worn out, when one of the spongers exclaimed that they were nearing shore, and soon the entire party saw a reef—a flamingo standing motionless in the water. As the boat drew near, the bird raised its graceful neck, straightened up, and stretched its wings as if to fly; then, seeing that they were not going to molest it, it resumed its position of security. To their astonishment, the men soon perceived that, instead of resting on a reef, the bird had alighted on a huge leather turtle that was asleep upon the water. Indeed, the flamingo was in distress, like themselves, having been blown off shore by the same storm, and it had evidently taken refuge on the sleeping turtle. The men did not attempt to disturb it, and their last view as they pulled away to the east was of the flamingo attempting to lift one leg and go to sleep, an act which the undulating motion of the floating turtle rendered will-nigh impossible.

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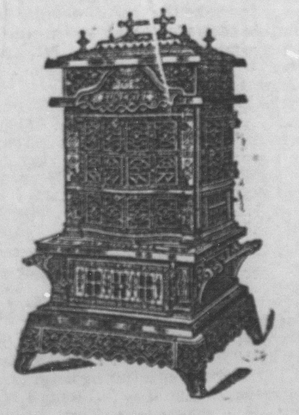

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NEW JERSEY AS FOREIGN.

The origin of the allusion to New Jersey as a foreign country is as follows: After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, sought refuge in this country, bringing with them great wealth. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence, but did not wish to become a citizen, having hopes of returning to Europe. To enable him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed in several States, but failed. He was chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which granted both him and Prince Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a tract at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare pictures, sculptures, etc., were profuse, and selected with the greatest care, and the grounds, laid out with exquisite taste. Joseph Bonaparte's residence was perhaps the finest in America. Thousands of people from all parts of the country visited him and were treated courteously. He was extremely liberal with his money, and gave great impetus to the business of the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money, and that he used it to benefit business generally, regretted when too late, that they refused to let him locate among themselves, and, to keep up their mortification, would continue to taunt Jerseymen with having a king—with importing the King of Spain to rule over them. They were called Spaniards and foreigners on that account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jerseymen lost nothing by allowing him to settle among them, and thus 'foreigners,' jokingly applied to Jerseymen, has come down to us long after its origin has been forgotten, except by a few of the past generation.

SCENT OF DOGS.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharist knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble among a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden remains to him a faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similary, too, if you watch Anacharist at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road. Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe, are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

THE ILLUMINATI.

The word "illuminati" means "those who are enlightened." It was a name originally given to persons of the early Church who had received baptism. After they had been baptised a lighted taper was given them, as a symbol of the faith, grace, and enlightenment they had received by that sacrament. Various societies were formed in the course of ages, whose members supposed they were more enlightened than their fellowbeings, and therefore took the name of "Illuminati." In modern times associations were formed in Europe for the purpose of promoting social and political reforms. Some of these took the name of "Illuminati," and expected to raise men and society to perfection by their theories. Louis Napoleon, for several years before the French revolution of 1848, was in the habit of joining all the rebellious and reformatory societies to which he could gain admittance, and doubtless became a member of the modern Society of the Illuminati.

Intelligence and energy and conscientiousness, all united, can never evolve true justice if sympathy be absent from the heart. This is not merely abstract and unpractical idea. It lies at the root of moral education, and self-culture, for it declares that just conduct depends upon right feelings, and cannot be developed without them.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.50 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

Scientific

Dr. M. Bergsman comes to the conclusion that a mixed climate, with relatively mild Winters and warm, sunny Summers, is the best suited for the vegetation of the temperate zone.

Since the inauguration of cheap telegraphy in France the number of telegrams sent in that country has increased enormously. Last year there were 58 telegrams for every 100 of the population.

Mr. Twynam, of Winchester, England, asserts that a single grain of wheat has produced 39 ears containing in all 2,806 grains, and that three of the largest of the ears had respectively 104, 103, and 101 grains.

M. Lawroff says, in the *Bulletin* of the Paris Chemical Society, that in the action of metallic glucinum upon mercury dimethyl, we obtain a white, crystalline, volatile substance, which ignites on contact with water.

Consul E. L. Layard, writing from Noumea, does not consider a circular rainbow seen from a hilltop an unusual phenomenon. It depends, of course, on the position of the observer as regards the sun and his "coign of vantage," namely, having a space below him. In such a situation he has seen one several times in his life.

Olszewski has employed air as a means for cooling purposes. He has obtained 6 c. c. in a liquid state and submitted it to evaporation at the pressure of one atmosphere, or even in a vacuum. In the latter case he has obtained a temperature of nitrogen evaporating in a vacuum he supposes to be—213°.

Wood may acquire an oak, walnut, or cherry tree color by staining it with ordinary tincture of iodine diluted with spirit until the exact shade is obtained. White shellac must be added to the iodine solution if the stain is to be made permanent, or the wood after the stain is applied may be French polished. The iodine may be laid on with a rag or a brush.

Honigmann's locomotive is to be introduced in the St. Gothard Tunnel. It can be charged from a stationary boiler with steam and hot water sufficient to make the 20 minutes' journey through the tunnel without requiring any fire. It therefore does not vitiate the atmosphere with smoke. The exhaust steam is taken up by an alkaline solution in a special chamber.

Sponges which are kept for a few hours in a solution of bromine (made by adding about 10 drops to every five ounces of water) acquire a fine light tint, which may be still further improved by dipping them in dilute sulphuric acid and then washing them well in water. This is a far better way to bleach sponges than the chlorine process, which is unsatisfactory at the best, or the tedious sulphuric acid method.

Manganese steel is very dense, tough, and hard. It does not require to be forged or rolled to impart strength to it like most steel. It does not tarnish readily. A magnet does not attract it. When brought to a white heat and plunged in water it turns soft and not hard. Its castings have very few flaws. It is made by pouring from 10 to 12 per cent. of rich ferro-manganese into molten steel and mixing the two together before the alloy is run off into ingots.

A scientific journal reports that a composition of sand, cork, and lime molded into blocks is now on trial in Germany for building light partitions. It is said to have the advantage of excluding sounds better than ordinary brick work, while being light and a good non-conductor. But a composition of hardwood sawdust applied on lath like common plaster is cheaper than the German method of constructing partitions, is much lighter, and has other desirable qualities.

A report submitted by Mr. Milne Home to the Royal Society, Edinburgh, states that at a period geologically recent in the earth's history an arctic climate prevailed in part of Northern Europe, and as an effect of this there occurred local glaciers in Scotland, leaving some of their traces still visible. Subsequently Scotland was entirely submerged beneath the sea, and most of the valleys were filled with sand, gravel, and mud. A northwesterly current prevailed, carrying masses of floating ice with boulders which were deposited on the hills.

The "assigre," a species of vulture protected in Rio Janeiro for its services as a scavenger, has proved very detrimental to the telephone wires. It breaks them or becomes hopelessly entangled in them, thus necessitating the employment of a large force of men to make the necessary repairs. Probably the expense caused by these birds will ultimately compel the telephone company to lay the wires under ground. Few persons will regret this consummation, for the exposure of the wires over the streets detracts greatly from the appearance of the beautiful capital of Brazil.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

Chronic Ulcers and Catarrh.

Mrs. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thankful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrh ophthalmia for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and, according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Asthma. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly relieved the paroxysms, and its continued use renders their recurrence less and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Batavia, O., write: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O., Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrh of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician far and near. I persuaded her to try your PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth dose kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFUT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	8.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.26	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.	5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	6 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 35 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	8 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	9 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 30 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 35 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m

Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at 5 05 p m

FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 30 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m

(Sunday Train.)

SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 27 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 35 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	5 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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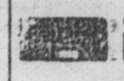

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Good Agents WANTED

To sell the patent "RAZOR BLADE SHEARS" and "IDEAL BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER." The only Shears in the world that the blades are fastened to handles by screws; can be sharpened or replaced with new blades when worn out. AGENTS CAN MAKE $12.00 PER DAY. Samples of three sizes of Shears and one pair Button-Hole Cutters sent to any address on receipt of $3.00.

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In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
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A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1883

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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.

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SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
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ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made.
Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
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HAS JUST OPENED
A Complete Stock of
DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Groceries,
COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS
.....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...
.....SEGARS AND.....
EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
.....ALL NEW GOODS.....
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All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.
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It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on
HORSES.
One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases
INSTANTANEOUS.
Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.
Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.
ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position, 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

R. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Friends may be false, friends may be true,
And friends deceive us sadly;
But what is that to me or you,
Who love each other madly?

You have your faults and I have mine—
We have good traits in common;
Angels alone serenely shine,
And they are more than human!

The years go by, and age creeps on,
And white, wan hands grow nervous;
More clearly know we right from wrong,
And honor those who serve us.

Together we have thus grown old—
Ne'er guilty of deceiving:
A kingdom lies beyond death's wold
For those who die believing!

We know the grave is very nigh,
Cold, shivering and cheerless;
And yet we have no weary sigh,
And eyes are calm and tearless.

For death but opens wide the gate
To life that is immortal;
And the saints who in patience wait
Will gladly cross the portal!

MLLE. PAPA.

Every morning when the miners collected around the entrance to the Berard pit to answer to the roll call, the last to appear always was a tall, jovial fellow, who led by the hand a little girl of seven or eight years. It was Michel Perron and his little daughter. Before setting foot on the platform to descend into the pit, the man raised the child in his arms, imprinted a kiss on each cheek and set her down again. The child cried. "Au revoir, papa!" At the sound of the bell, the signal for descent, she clasped her little hands together, twisted her little fingers, and repeated again and again the word "Papa," till the moment when very sure that papa could hear her no more, she went to the schoolroom to pass there the day.

Evening come, she was the first at the entrance to the pit, whence Michel Perron came out first always. As in leaving her he raised the child in his arms and she clung closely to him crying, "Papa." And all the brightness of her little soul beamed forth brilliantly in her smile and in her glances. The miners had heard her repeat so often these two syllables, they had been so struck by the strange passion that she, unknown to herself, put in them, that they had named her "Madamoiselle Papa."

And surely never was a name more appropriate. Her father lived only for her. Her mother was dead long, long since. She had hardly known her. She had known only him. In all the recollections of her earliest childhood it was he, he only, that she remembered. For her his rough hands had been gentle; for her his face was always smiling and tender; for her the man had become woman and child at once. Ah! but how much also she loved her father, and how fearful she was every morning when she saw him go down into that yawning hole, the bottom of which she could not see.

A miner had taken a notion one day to hold her close to the edge of the pit, when, recoiling from the obscure gulf, black as far as the eye could see, she had sprung back with a cry of terror. "Papa goes down there," she thought; "suppose he should not come back."

And on this day, when Michel had taken her in his arms, as he always did for the farewell caress, she clung more closely than ever to his neck, and said tremblingly, in a half whisper:

"You will come back, will you not?"

"As always, little one."

"Is there any danger? Say—papa!"

"Of course not, pet."

"Could anyone—could you—die down there?"

"Be tranquil," said Michel smiling. "I will not die without telling thee of it."

"Ah!—Au revoir, papa!"

It was gospel truth since her father had said so, and she went away to school almost reassured. But the recollection of the black gulf into which her eyes had glanced, was not wholly effaced, and afterward she was fearful every morning, she trembled every evening; she feared always lest from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend, her father would come back no more.

A presentiment. Who knows?

One day the rumor spread suddenly that an explosion of fire damp had just occurred. In less time than it takes to tell it the entrance to the Berard pit was thronged. Excited crowds rushed from every direction. Of all the miners that were down there how many would be seen again?

The daughter of Michel was at school. She knew nothing of it, and indeed if any one had spoken of it before her, could she have understood? Could she know, poor little thing, what an explosion of fire-damp was? No. But at her age one understands already what death is; one understands at her age, when one sees stretched on the ground, pale, inanimate, lifeless bodies; and the approach to the Berard pit was strewn with them when she came at night to meet her father. She was stupefied for a moment; then it dawned upon her. She had seen these men descend living. She knew them very well. Many a time had they caressed her. They were brought up dead. Would her father be brought up so—like them? The thought terrified her. She ran about, her hair streaming in the wind, in the midst of the debris, which had been brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

There were many others certainly who cried, and who called "Papa!" but no other with such an accent of despair. The others were sent away. Nobody could send her away. She ran, poor child, from one body to another, stopping sometimes, as if in a disfigured face, she might recognize the one she sought. Her father was not among the dead. Confidence returned to her. She grew calm and sought him among the living. Nobody had seen her father. Of the sixty miners who had gone down into the morning forty-five ascended, fourteen were dead. There was one missing. It was Michel. All this was explained to her. She comprehended it, and she clapped her hands as if they had said to her: "You will see him again. She recalled suddenly that one morning her father had said to her: "I will not die without telling thee."

And nothing else was needed to give her the assurance that her father was still living. Children have the most tenacious faith. One does not drive easily from their minds an idea which has once taken root there. So, when the next morning—she had spent the whole night there—they tried to make her understand that it was all over, that she would never see her father again, that they had explored all the galleries and, searched everywhere, she shook her head and said, weeping: "Look for papa!"

They gave her little attention. In forty hours had they not exhausted every means? Without doubt there was something strange in his disappearance. Living or dead, they ought to have found Michel and they had not found him. His plans in his hand, the chief engineer had himself directed the researches. They had carefully examined even the smallest recesses in the galleries. It was the opinion of all that in the frightful overturning caused by the explosion the unfortunate miner had been swallowed up without it being possible to say where or how. Industry, like war, has its battles and its soldiers missing, as well as its soldiers dead.

For forty-eight hours Mlle. Papa had waited feverishly, but without growing weary. At every human form that appeared at the entrance she started up, and not recognizing the one she awaited, sat down again with a profound sigh. They tried to lead her away, and she wept so bitterly that it ended in their leaving her there. They thought that fatigue would conquer her. But whence comes to the feeble such strength in the grievous crisis of their lives? Ask God; it is His secret.

The third day the child was still at the entrance to the pit.

"We must put an end to this," said the chief engineer, and approaching her he said: "Be reasonable, little one."

"Papa! Seek papa!"

"Alas! He is dead."

"No!"

She uttered this "No!" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why not?" he said.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the engineer. And he made a sign that she would be taken away. But she called desperately to him, crying: "Papa is not dead! I want to go down! I will find him!"

They took her away and sent her under good care to the school. An hour later she was at the Berard pit, and clinging to the engineer, she repeated: "I want to go down! I will find him!"

The engineer was a kind hearted fellow. He took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "perhaps that would be best. When she has seen with her own eyes she will believe. This condition, if it lasts, will perhaps kill her."

And taking her in his arms he stepped on the platform and gave the signal for descent.

They went down.

At eight years to descend into this yawning gulf the thought of which terrifies! How she loved him, her father! She shivered, nevertheless, when she found herself in the obscurity, descending into the awful depth, whence rose an unsavory air that suffocated her. The engineer felt the trembling little hands tighten their clasp, the blonde head press closer to his own and tears fall on his neck. When they were down she disengaged herself and ran away crying, "Papa! papa!"

For two hours she traversed the galleries, questioning the men whom she knew, striking with her little fist the black wall, pressing her ear close to it, peeping into the least cleft, and thrusting her hands, and calling always, "Papa! papa! papa!"

The engineer—himself a father—who had followed her with difficulty, grew weary of explaining what he had twenty times explained already, of showing her what he had shown her twenty times, how the explosion had taken place; what had been done to find the victims. The child questioned still, and repeated still, "He is living! Look for him!"

Here, as at the entrance of the pit, she would have remained, three days, if he had not taken her by force, and remounted with her.

The engineer gave orders that she would be taken back to the schoolhouse and kept there, orders also that if she appeared at the Berard pit she should not be allowed to descend into the mine. All his directions, were scrupulously followed, and the next day, without thinking at all of her, he was inspecting the working of the mine, when he felt himself suddenly seized by his coat. It was Mlle. Papa.

She had for the second time escaped from the schoolhouse. Repulsed at the entrance to the pit, finding nobody who, for her sake would disobey the orders given, she had slipped under an empty cart, and thus descended into the mine. She soon narrated that and obtained pardon for it. Five minutes later she commenced her search. With ardent faith she sounded, as on the evening berore, the wall of coal, passing and repassing in the same place, without despairing, without growing weary. The men no longer gave her any attention. They merely glanced at her with pity, shrugging their shoulders and saying: "Poor little 'papa!'"

The little "papa" sought always. Suddenly they saw her run, pale trembling, choked. She cried: "There! there! papa!"

"What! there?" said the miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where is it?"

She retraced her steps followed by everybody, hesitated, stopped, turned again.

She could not find the place again. All the blocks of coal looked alike, all the hollows were the same, all the galleries similar. And yet she was sure she had seen it, that bit of blue cloth. Where his blouse was he must be—living no doubt—her father, and she could not find him again.

One by one, weary of this useles search, persuaded that the poor little girl was distracted by her grief, the men turned away and went back to their work. But hardly had they had time to take up the pick or the mattock, than a despairing cry recalled them.

The little girl panting, her eyes fixed, her lips apart, her hand in a hollow of the wall, cried, "I hold it! I hold it!"

They moved aside, they looked. Yes! it was a bit of cloth—of blue cloth. It was a blouse. Was there a man there? They set to work, and what blows of the mattock they gave! In a twinkling the wall was thrown down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Perron. He had been there three days and four nights.

Confused cries arose on all sides, and more piercing than all others a cry escaped from the lips of the little girl. She sprang upon the body, clasped it with both arms, half wild, weeping, and repeating again and again, "papa! papa!"

He was very low the poor Michel. Weakened by the deprivation of air and nourishment, he recovered his senses only to faint away again; but he lived. She had spoken truly, Mlle. Papa. The man would not die without having told the child, and the thought of her whom he had left lying above him, had increased tenfold his strength. He had conquered death.

A week later he was up, thin, but well and ready to commence work.

The evening before he was to go down in the mine for the first time, a grand banquet was given by the miners to "Mlle. Papa." The place of honor was reserved for her. A formidable cheering and frantic clapping of hands greeted her when she entered, clinging to Michel's hand. There were kisses and embraces given, and many a huzza in honor of the little Queen.

And would you know what she replied to all that, smiling and clapping her hands, the little Queen?

She said, "Papa."

How should she reply to it? It were difficult to say. But more than one brave fellow, who was not in the habit of weeping, you are to understand, brushed away the tears from his eyes on that occasion.

A Case of Squelch.

A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of the seat in front of him, and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark:

"You've been in Chicago of course?"

"Where?"

"Chicago."

An uncertain look came into the sandy-haired man's eyes.

"Let me see," he mused, retrospectively; "'pears to me I must have passed through there. I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard of the name before. What line of road is it on?"

"Forty lines of road. It's the biggest railroad center on earth."

"Not bigger than Crestline, Ohio, is it?" asked the passenger with an amazed expression. "I've seen four trains at once at Crestline waitin to start off. Talk about noise and confusion!"

The Chicago man's teeth began to chatter.

"Is Chicago a place where the train stops for dinner?"

"Naw," said the disgusted drummer. "Chicago is not a place where the passengers stop for dinner."

"Of course, that's what I meant," explained the red-haired man gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness. "I've traveled so much and been in so many different places in my lifetime that I don't purtend to remember more'n a quarter of 'em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

"There ain't any," said the drummer, gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, whooshed the liquid on the floor, and hung his leg over the corner of the box.

"Who is that evil eyed, pink haired, lumpy legged, prairie eared microbe at the other end of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean that gentleman looking out of the window?"

"Ya-as."

"He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

Where Chestnuts Come From.

There is nothing more indicative of the approach of winter than the sudden appearance in stores, on street stands and in wagons of chestnuts—bright, brown, full-meated chestnuts.

"Our finest chestnuts come from Ohio," said a dealer recently. "They are not only the sweetest, but are noted for not getting wormy like those from other States. The market here only demands two grades—Ohio and Pennsylvania—but they also grow quite extensively in Virginia, while Indiana boasts of a few trees."

"Do they come in any great quantities?"

"Well, you see, we have agents in Ohio and Pennsylvania towns. They buy up all they can and ship when they can get lots of from 15 to 20 bushels. Great care has to be taken not to allow them to be overheated, as they produce worms. Chicago is the distributing market for the great Northwest, and we cannot get as many as the trade demands."

"Then they are not abundant this year?"

"No, indeed; the yield is only what might be called a medium one. It is of very fine quality, however. The price has been as high as $0.50 per bushel, but it is now getting down, and is likely to settle at from $5 to $6.50."

"How are they gathered?"

"Well, you know the nuts grow in the forests, and are not cultivated. They are gathered mostly by farm-lads, who wait until the frosts open the prickly burrs, in each of which two or three nuts are incased, and a light wind causes them to drop to the ground. It is fun for the boys, and at the same time is profitable work."

"Is there much demand for the Italian nut?"

"Very little. They are much larger than the native chestnut, but not so sweet."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"When George Washington was a little boy what was it he said he couldn't do?"

"Small Scholar—"He could not tell a lie." "And why could he not tell a lie?" "Because he knowed he'd get licked for it."

Why Beef is Dear.

Inquiring of a leading butcher for a piece of a shin of beef, for soup purposes, we were told that he did not offer such meats to his customers.

"Why not!"

"Because nobody will buy them. The almost sole inquiry is for sirloin, rib roast, tenderloin, and other choice pieces."

"But there is no part of the bullock from which such excellent soup can be made as the shin."

"I know it, but you can't persuade the majority of buyers to believe that. Many of them would regard it a disgrace to have it known that a piece of shin beef ever found its way to their table. And that is one of the reasons why I am compelled to charge you 22 cents a pound for the choice cut of the rump and 30 cents for the best sirloin. Do you understand?"

"I don't think I do," said the journalist.

"Don't you know that we buy our beef carcasses by the pound, and that the shins, neck, and other inferior pieces all cost the same? If we cannot sell the less desirable cuts at anything like the price they cost us we must necessarily charge such prices as will enable us to make a living profit. Hence the seemingly high charges for the better cuts. People will have no other, and as a consequence we have large quantities of the less desirable meats on hand, which we are compelled to dispose of at such prices as we can get."

"But are not these less desirable pieces, as you call them, good and nutritious?"

"Of course they are. If the American women generally understood cooking as they should, and were willing to put themselves to a little trouble, there is not a pound of meat in a whole carcass that could not be made into a palatable dish. But many of them know comparatively nothing, and many of those who do are not willing to give the time required to the preparation of the poorer cuts, when they can get a tender steak for the gridiron or a roasting piece ready for the spit. We are a wastful people, very wasteful. If our working people could but be made to comprehend what great economy there is in being able to cook well they would be the more anxious to have their daughters taught the art. Why, sir, I am convinced that a moderately skilled cook can serve just as toothsome dishes as are found on most tables at one-half the cost of the latter. There are many pounds of beef now on this stall, first class beef though not generally so considered, which I will sell you at one-third the price I am compelled to ask for sirloin or rump steak, meat just as nutritious and wholesome, but requiring a little more skill in preparation, but that is none of my business. If I were to undertake to advise I would soon have my hands full. Hence I receive and fill orders as they are given. Do you know that one-half the housekeepers have no conception of any other methods of cooking beef but to fry, broil, or roast, and yet, as every one ought to know, beef can be cooked acceptably in fifty different ways, and in most of them without any increased expense. I know of several housekeepers, ladies of means and refinement, that have given the subject thought and consideration, who thoroughly understand cooking, and who are not ashamed or afraid to be seen buying some of these inferior pieces. I have learned from them a number of receipts, which I have tried at my own house, and have found them admirable. Yes, sir, we are a wasteful people, especially in the use of meats, though, for that matter, I could point you out great imprudence in table furnishing in many other directions;" and, drawing his large, keen, knife over a sharpening steel in a style that made one tremble for his fingers, the philosophical victualer proceeded to deftly cut a sirloin for a lady customer, leaving the writer to ponder over his remarks.

Land of the Hovas.

Lieutenant Mason A. Shufeldt, of the navy, who recently returned from the exploration of Madagascar, had quite a wonderful experience. As he told the story of his travels to a newspaper man the other day it sounded more like an interesting narrative of interesting adventure from the world of fiction than the actual experience of a young naval officer in the line of duty. "For a long time I had felt a desire to explore some of the unknown Eastern countries," said Lieutenant Shufeldt, "but it was not until a year after I had volunteered my services to explore Madagascar that I was authorized to do so. The course pursued by the French in that country rendered it advisable that some steps should be taken by this government to obtain information of a general nature regarding the country for commercial reasons. A cable message from the secretary of the navy detached me early last spring from my vessel in China and sent me on special duty in the shape of a trip through Madagascar. I had no instructions regarding the expedition and everything was left to my own judgment. I went as far as that country in the Pensacola and then made my way direct to the capital, Antananarivo. Now, to give you an idea of the country and what was before me you must know that it is an immense island, considerably larger than the republic of France, with a population of about 5,000,000. The greater part of it is entirely unknown and occupied by various tribes, who are for the most part utterly uncivilized and wholly barbarous. The ruling people, however, have reached quite a high degree of civilization, and have extended their power through a great portion of the land, and would probably succeed in subduing the whole country but for the opposition of the French. These people are called Hovas, and are entirely distinct from any other inhabitants. They correspond exactly with the Malay type, while the rest of the tribes have the African characteristics. The supposition is that centuries ago these people must have landed on the shores from some of the Eastern countries and settled there. It was impossible for them to dwell near the marshy malarious shore, so they pushed their way to the elevated plateaus of the interior, where they still are. They are equal to the Japanese in civilization, and are a progressive, intelligent people. The capital has about three hundred white residents, principally missionaries, and some of the buildings are beautiful. The queen has her palace there. By the way, she is only nineteen years old, and is a very pretty girl. Her husband is sixty years old, and is the prime minister. The Hovas are literally surrounded by these hostile nations that I spoke of. They have partly conquered them all, except the Sakalavas, who inhabit the entire western part of the island. One of the most important questions that the country has to deal with is slavery. Great numbers of slaves were annually brought from Africa, and all of these tribes kept their slaves. About twenty years ago the queen emancipated them, but the Sakalavas never recognized the emancipation. They have immense herds of cattle, which are cared for by the slaves or macaos, and without them their herds would run wild. As I said I made my way to the capital, but that was an easy trip, without danger, as the civilizing effect of the Hovas is considerable in the eastern part of the island. It was through the wild Sakalava country that my expedition proper was to be made. I remained at the capital three weeks perfecting the arrangements. I had two interviews with the queen, and I guess I was the first white man to shake her by the hand. Shortly after arriving I gained her sanction to the expedition, and I saw her again, just as I was about to start. She intrusted to me letters to the President, which I have delivered to him in person. "I gathered about me forces amounting to six hundred," continued the lieutenant. "They were all either natives or slaves, with the exception of myself and three miners who volunteered to go, two Englishmen and an American. At last we started on our journey of 600 miles to the western coast. It was slow and attended with many dangerous disasters. The hostile Sakalavas hovered about us during the entire journey, but only ventured twice to make an attack upon our party. They were repulsed both times with a loss to my party of twenty-nine men. They were dreadful-looking antagonists—those Sakalavas. Their physical proportions were superb. The simple breech-cloth was their only apparel, and their bodies were greased until they reflected the sunlight like mirrors. They seemed to have no fear of firearms, but made the attack with a savage yell. Each man carried five assegais, throwing them one at a time as he ran toward us. They soon found that they could not conquer our party, and had to be content with dogging our steps, lying in wait for any poor straggler who was unable to keep up. I had a body guard of Macaos, who were continually about me. Some of them were always ahead while on the march, and during the fights they gathered about me and protected me so well that I was not wounded once. It was a terrible journey. The deadly fever played havoc with my forces. Indeed we all had it, and my white companions succumbed to it. The disease is intermittent, and is accompanied with the most terrible vomiting and retching, and utter prostration, rendering it utterly impossible to eat anything. It was not the fever itself which killed my men, but the complete exhaustion which resulted from it. Then, too, the natives, who were bare legged, suffered terribly from ulcerated sores. The long wet grass through which we traveled in early mornings would cut their flesh, and the heat of the sun would produce ugly festering sores, which rendered them almost unfit for travel. Every day I would sit before my tent and distribute the contents of my medicine chest among the suffering ones. The journey lasted 97 days, and when we reached the coast I had but 158 men remaining. With only 29 out of 600 killed, you can judge of the ravages of disease among my forces. We erected some bamboo fortifications and had plenty of ammunition, and were able to keep off the following savages."

"What had you intended to do upon reaching the coast?" interrupted the reporter.

"Well, of course, I had no idea of retracing my steps, and I expected to be compelled to build a canoe and cross the Mozambique channel in it. As luck would have it, the boats of a Swedish bark had gone to pieces on the coast a couple of years before had been saved. I found them on the bank of a creek, where they had been dragged by the natives, who, being ignorant of how to use them, had left them there. I selected the largest one and went to work to repair her. I calked her up tight, rigged a sail and put to sea in her with four of the slaves. I had no compass, and steered westward course by the sun. I knew if I could kept on I would strike land. I felt sure I couldn't pass Cape Town, which was nearly 2,000 miles to the south'ard, and I knew land was as far north as I could go. We were out 10 days, and finally struck land, which proved to be Mozambique."

A Discovery.

Remarkable remains have been found on a hill or mountain four leagues south of Magdalena, in Sonora. The hill is about 700 feet high, and half way up there is a layer of gypsum, which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone are cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from six by ten to sixteen or eighteen feet square. So even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are but eight feet high from floor to ceiling, the stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human beings cut in the stone in different places, but strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and one thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms; implements of every description are found. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high; but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mount in.

Progress of Mankind.

Proctor in his lectures often startles his audiences by saying that it has been clearly demonstrated that the oceans and rivers are drying up and that it is only a question of time until the earth will be as dry as a horn. When he explains that the oceans recede about the thickness of a thin sheet of writing paper every year, and that there will be plenty of water for the next 200,000,000 years, the drought-scared audience heaves a sigh of relief. It must be considered that the same number of the immigrants die each year as other people, or probably more than native born citizens, and their natural increase is not above the average, so that when all is counted and the extent of territory to be occupied is considered, there is room for a good-sized sigh of relief, unless the condition of affairs many generations hence is taken into account and deprecated. There is no one living now who will see all the territory under our flag so densely populated as the State of New York.

If this thing keeps on long enough, however, the people will become too thick to thrive. That will certainly not occur before A. D. 2,000, and probably not then, as the stream of immigration will naturally grow weaker and weaker as the great basin fills up, so that when this country offers no more room than Europe, the stream will practically cease flowing, and the increase will then be limited to the natural rate. This is no doubt provided for. In olden times population was kept down by war. It was well enough then, as the people were in a state of development and under the control of the law that the fittest survive. Then man was of no special use on the earth except as he improved. His manner of warfare was well calculated to develop him physically, and to meet the requirements and fulfill the object of this law. They fought hand to hand, which gave the stronger and better developed men a decided advantage. The weaker was slain, and only the stronger left.

Things are different now. It seems that physical development reached its highest level just before the Grecian Empire began to decline. Then man began living on his wits. He invented deadly weapons wherewith a weakling could kill a giant. This went on until at present a victory in battle is no evidence of superior physical development on the part of the victors, and seldom of superior generalship, but of the superiority of arms, more destructive ammunition, and, possibly, advantage in position. Since the days of hand-to-hand conflicts between contending armies, the result of battles has depended almost altogether on the inventive skill of those engaged in making munitions of war.

The one thing that will probably do more than all else to check the tide of immigration will be modifications of European governments. A majority of those who come from Germany do so for the purpose of finding a freer atmosphere. The same with the Scotch, the Irish, and in fact with nearly all. With the demise of King William and his autocrat Premier, Bismarck, a more liberal Government will be established in Germany. In Great Britain the impression prevails quite generally that when Queen Victoria is done with the throne it will be relegated to the royal garret and the present limited monarchy gives place to a democratic form of government. Should these changes be made the stream of immigration will be reduced fully one-half, or perhaps more. Many other things that will produce similar results will be developed, so that by the time there is no further need of immigrants to the country there will be none.

The presnt population of the world is estimated at 1,204,583,973, of which 7,931,080 are Jews and 370,878,066 are Christians, leaving 915,724,827 heathen, or about three to each Jew and Christian.

A Dreadful Prophesy.

The tides are caused mainly by the moon, as it were, catching hold of the water as the earth revolves around on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth as it revolves, and friction, as every one knows, causes loss of power. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly but surely lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve around the earth. Then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time.

The change this will bring about on the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole world reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all of this, hence its shattered and bare-looking surface; that the earth, being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were upon the moon's surface, and stopped almost entirely its revolution round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already done to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.

Money Circulation of the World.

The Director of the Mint has prepared a statement in regard to the present money circulation in thirty-nine countries of the world as compared with the circulation as reported a year ago, which shows a decrease in the gold circulation of about $52,000,000, an increase in the silver circulation of $42,000,000, an increase in paper circulation of $112,000,000. He attributes the loss in gold circulation to a reduced production and to the increased use of the metal in ornamentation and the arts

Calico is the name of a town in California.

SHAFFER'S raspberry is steadily growing in favor, and is commended by all who have tried it, for the largest size of its abundant fruit.

The farmer who raises the best stock of all kinds acquires a reputation that enables him to obtain the highest prices for all he may have to spare. The mere name of his stock will command the highest price. The animal with strong constitution is never nearly as liable to contagious or other diseases as the one with more feeble system. Some farmers are very careful to keep their cattle and horses healthy, while in a little yard they have a large lot of hogs, old and young, weak and strong, in the mud and filth up to their bellies, their corn thrown into the mud, their water into a trough half full of filth, and these farmers complain that hog raising does not pay! Get the best stock, both male and female, fully developed. Give them good, comfortable and airy sleeping places, with dry, clean yards in which to run and feed, and if convenient a good pasture in which to run a few hours each day. Give them plenty of good, clean water, milk or house slops to drink; in short, give them good, comfortable, healthy treatment, based on natural principles, and one may be sure of success. If otherwise, failure is certain. Hogs need salt as regularly as cattle.

Snow White Elephant.

There was exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair held in Boston, the figure of an Elephant, made up entirely from the celebrated "Linene" Reversible Collars and Cuffs. It proved to be a great attraction. The shape was good. The body, legs and trunk being covered with Cuffs buttoned together, the tusks and tail were made from Collars. Many Praises were given to the constructor, Mr. Snow; and sundry comments made, such as "Cute, ain't it;" "Well buttoned up;" "Nice trunk he's got;" "Going to New Orleans, I guess;" "Just look at his tail, I declare it's buttoned on;" "That's funny enough," &c. &c. See advertisement in another column of these very superior goods, and send for samples.

It is a sad thing to stirrup strife and then saddle the blame upon innocent parties.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Life, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAWDUST AND CHARCOAL.—Sawdust and charcoal are of little use as a fertilizer. But if they are burned to ashes in a heap slowly the ashes are of great value. It will pay to haul waste charcoal dust and sawdust several miles, if they can be had for nothing, and burn them for the ashes. The easiest way to burn them is to take a hillside where they can be dumped easily, and first throw down several loads of charcoal and set this on fire, and when the fire has started well to throw on more and keep on until the stock is exhausted. The fire will burn slowly for months, when the ashes will be ready for use. One hundred bushels of charcoal dust will make six or seven bushels of ashes; 100 bushels of hard wood sawdust or 200 of pine or other soft wood will make about three bushels. The ashes will be worth fifty cents a bushel. Soft wood ashes are as good as hard wood, but the soft wood makes only half as much ash as hard wood.

YOUNG orchards, where it is desired to have a good growth of wood, may be treated to manuring this month, but care should be taken not to leave much strawy manure piled against the trunks of the trees as it may form a harbor for mice, which will gnaw the bark and often entirely ruin the tree, if a deep snow happens to prevent their getting out to procure better food. The blossom buds having already formed, manuring now will not increase their number, although it may increase the ability of the tree to mature the blossoms into fruit. As it is desirable to increase the size of young trees and not to force a large crop upon them, it follows that manuring now is better than it would be in Spring or Summer, when the strength might go to make blossom buds, and thus induce overbearing, to the future weakening of the tree.

HAY in the stack may be measured, an agricultural paper says, by the following process: For timothy, square the diameter, multiply by eight, and that product by the height of the stack, reckoning up to one-third of the distance from where it begins to taper off, to the top or apex; cut off the right hand figure, and divide by seventy-five; the result will be in tons. Should there be a remainder, multiply by 2000, and divide by seventy-five; the quotient will be pounds. For clover hay, square the diameter, multiply by the height of the stack, as for timothy, and that product by seven; cut off three right-hand figures, and all on the left will be tons; then multiply the figures upon the right by 2000, cut off three from the right, and all on the left will be pounds.

IF the Winter cabbages are growing so fast that they are likely to burst open before the time comes to put them into the cellar, or pit, and there is no market for them, their growth may be checked by pulling them about half up and tipping them over on one side, leaving just roots enough in the soil to keep them green. Do not do this until they have made solid heads. Tip them toward the north, to prevent scalding the top of the head in the sun.

FOR lawns, nitrate of soda is a cleanly and effective fertilizer; sprinkled broadcast at the rate of half to three-quarters of a pound to the square rod, it promotes the growth of the grass, and imparts a vivid green color to it. The best time to apply it is just after a rain.

THE Fall is much the best time for topdressing orchards, especially of the year. If applied now it secures a healthy growth next Spring, while if manuring is delayed until then the tree does not get much benefit from it causing a late succulent growth which is very liable to blight.

A WEE toddler who made free of our house, and on whom my father had sought to impress that "children should be seen and not heard," along with a lot of other maxims, one morning burst noisily in upon us while at breakfast, giving the door a cyclonish bang as he exploded with.

"I don't want to be seen; I want to be heard!"

And he was.

HE WAS THERE, JUST THE SAME.—The remains of an English traveller had been exhumed for interment in the family vault. When the coffin was opened the spectators started back in affright. "Why, these appear to be the remains of a lion." "Yes," replied a nephew of the deceased, with a sigh, "that's the lion that ate him up; uncle's inside of him."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn, not knowledge, but power.

Low Prices for Butter.

The New York *Tribune* in its market report, explained why some butter is sold for such low prices. In speaking of butter it said; "Light colored goods are very hard to dispose of and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents." If butter makers would get the top price, they should use the Improved Butter Color, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns red, or rancid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

Of all passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service into watch the success of our enemy; its wages to be sure of it.

THE MASON & HAMLIN COMPANY, long the most famous manufacturers of reed organs in the world, have commenced the manufacture of Upright Pianos, having effected an improvement which they regard as the most important introduced in many years. An ingenious arrangement fastens the strings directly to the iron plate of the instrument, giving greater clearness and purity of tone, with absence of all mere noise. At the same time it renders the instrument more durable, less liable to get out of order. The Mason & Hamlin Pianos are certainly exquisite instruments, and, coming from these thoroughly well-known makers, may be depended upon to be all they represent them.—*Boston Journal.*

Those who are made to mourn never lose an opportunity to carry out the intention of their creation.

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. *Sold only in boxes.*

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Faith affirms many things respecting which the senses are silent, but nothing that they can deny.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a tried remedy, to which the medical brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels has an unbounded popularity.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1885.

PILES "Anakesis"

gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for **PILES.** Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address,

"ANAKESIS" Makers,
BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies' in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

VARICOCELE Painless cure cure. Book free Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

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Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

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"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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OF
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FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

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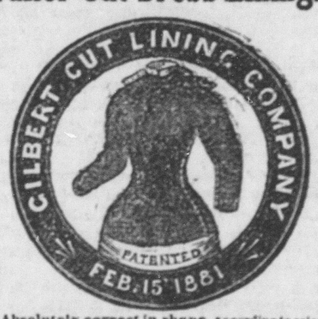

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Which insures elegance of style and economy of wear to the outer fabric, with LASTING SHAPE to the whole garment, while less expensive to the consumer than the material alone would be by the old way. They are the very latest improvement in fashionable, convenient and economic dressing for ladies of taste in any station. Ask your merchant for them. Genuine only when bearing above seal. Examine carefully in purchasing and

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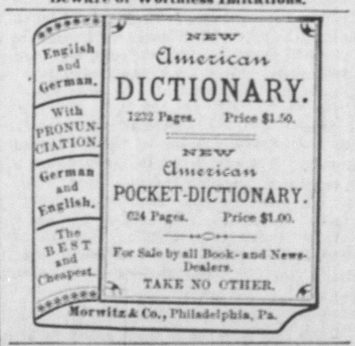

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PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Avoid imperfect pills. 25 cts. Wilcox Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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100 STYLES **ORGANS** $22 TO $900.

HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Only American Organs Awarded such at any.

For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.

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presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogues free.

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49 397

"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs, Turn down collars. RUBENS, ANGELO, RAPHAEL. **The new standing style, MURILLO,** is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top edge has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides, and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts, at stores. **Two Gold Medals** and Bronze Medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1885. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for **SIX** cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. **Reversible Collar Co.,** Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

FOR 25c. I will send valuable samples which will start any person on the road to fortune. Address JAMES E. PARSONS, Gloucester, Mass.

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CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

YOUNG MEN send 25c. and sample of Hair, for Natural Moustache. **"BOX 215,"** Bloomfield, N. J.

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Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1 75
Spinal Corset,..... 2 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,... 2 25
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.
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40 samples large pretty chromo reward, merit, credit, diploma, birthday, friendship, gift and school aid cards, 15c. Price list free. Fine Art Co., Warren, Pa.

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Lying Agents can't SELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare. U. S. STANDARD

$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.

Beam Box, Tare Beam, Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. Address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE old woman, with a wrinkled face and florid nose, rushed into a south end drug store the other afternoon and breathlessly called for an emetic.

"Is it for an adult?" asked the polite clerk, as he proceeded to put up the drug.

"Phat's that you say? For an adjult? 'Tis for no adjult that I want it; 'tis for a medicine that I want it for of course, you gran'horn."

No, no: you don't understand. I want to know whether or not it's for an adult, because it is a very essential thing to know."

"Phat difference does it make to you so long as I'm payin' me dacent money for it?" asked the old woman, growing excited.

"Well, it makes all the difference in the world, and before I sell it to you I must know whether it's for an adult or a child."

"Phy didn't you say that before, you ageot. It's for neither an adult nor a child."

"Who is it for, then?" asked the clerk in astonishment.

"It's for me ould man, and for nobody else."

The emetic was put up without further interruption.

INCORRIGIBLE—Fair Philistine—"Yes, we've just returned from a visit to Antwerp, and of course we saw Reubens' great picture at the Cathedral, I don't like it a bit. I never saw a picture by him I did like."

Artist (more in sorrow than in anger).—"Perhaps you have not come across the best examples of that great master."

Fair Philistine—"Pehaps not. By-the-bye, there was one 'Reubens' there I liked."

Artist (much relieved)—Ah, there was one. I'm glad of that."

Fair Philistine—"Yes; it was a picture of his death painted by somebody else."

"WHAT is the meaning of that red line above the fouth story of your house?" asked a stranger of a man near Pittsburg.

"That is the water mark. That mark shows how high the water was during the great overflow about one year ago."

"Impossible. If the water had been that high the whole town would have been swept away."

"The water never was that high. It only came up to the first story window, but the cursed boys rubbed it out three or four times, so I put it up there where they can't get at it. It takes a smart man to circumvent those boys."

DISCUSSING dentists.

"I tell you he is the most expert man in the profession—you haven't time to howl before the tooth is out."

"Oh that's nothing to my dentist. He's quite as quick, and the operation is so painless that every time he pulls out a double tooth you have to thank him and cry 'Encore!'"

"THAT young Mr. Smith is an awful fool. Do you know what he did when we were on the boat?"

"No; What did he do?"

"He obtained a whisk broom and attempted to brush the whitewash, as he called it, off my back."

"Nothing very fooolish about that."

"Not if it had been whitewash, but you see it was nothing but my corsets showing through my jersey."

"The Slough of Despondency"

in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

If you would help a man out of trouble don't scold him for doing wrong. Human nature is not led in better paths by such a course.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Honor is like the eye which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Most controversies would soon be ended if those engaged in them would first accurately define their terms and then rigidly adhere to their definitions.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

There is no better evidence of a man's real superiority than to see him anxious to praise the same superiority in others.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Carbo-lines.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet;
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat;
And the coarsest hair can still be fine,
By using Magic Carboline.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more.

Reflection is an angel that points out the errors of the past, and gives us courage to avoid them in the future.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.

CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
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DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE
CONSTIPATION, PILES,
And **RHEUMATISM,**
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby
CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.
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Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S Cream Balm
Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cents. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

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R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings,** and that Lorillard's **Snuffs,** are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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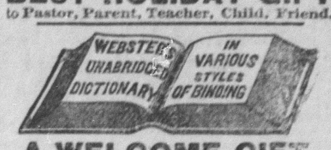

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CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
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Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $1 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS FRAUDS.

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COLD FACTS REGARDING the publishing business: The expenses and earnings of a paper with 100,000 circulation will approximate as follows: RECEIPTS—Subscription, $100,000; from advertising, 600 inches per issue, at the rate of 1c. a line per 1,000 of circulation, or $1 a line for 100,000, for 52 issues, $5200,000—total, $5300,000. EXPENSES—Issuing 100,000, for paper, postage, press work, &c., $1,200 per issue, $62,400; 100,000 Premium Engravings at 3c each, $100,000; editorial work, incidentals, $20,000—total, $182,400. Leaving the splendid profit of $354,600.

Three-fourths of this profit will be made out of the sale of advertising space, *and advertisers will pay* $1 a line *simply because the paper has* 100,000 *circulation.* If it had but 10,000 they would pay but 10c. a line. Therefore every subscriber, as a pro-rata earner of advertising profits, is worth to a paper of 100,000 circulation $3.54. We propose to keep the 54c. as our share, and repay to our subscribers the $3. In this proportion we will have $54,600 as profit after giving back to the subscribers the splendid sum of $300,000 in Premiums.

This is a plain statement of facts, and involves no necessity of resorting to illegal methods as an excuse for offering "numbered receipts," and alleged "drawings" or "awards." It is simply proposed to make division with our subscribers of an equitable share of the profits which the use of their names as subscribers will secure.

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It represents the waiting room of an English Criminal Court, where are grouped the aged father and mother, the wife, sister and two prattling babes of the prisoner, who is on trial for his life. The frightened, anxious, agonized expression of the older members of the group, and the smiling, happy faces of the little ones who are unconscious of their father's awful peril, form a most touching and interesting subject for the skill of the artist. It is printed on heavy plate, with India paper tint, 24x20 inches in size. We will pay $100 for any copy of this engraving purchased at retail for less than $12. It cannot be secured for less except through this offer. Every future subscriber to the FARMER'S LEDGER can secure a copy by enclosing 46c, when he sends his name, to prepay cost, express and properly packing, or postage, if sent by mail. We have contracted for 100,000, we paying cost of American plate.

NO BLANKS! NO CHARGE FOR TICKETS.

1 Capital Premium,	$5,000	1 Capital Premium,	$100
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1 Capital Premium,	250	89,944 " of $2 each,	179,888

100,000 Cash Premiums, aggregating $290,613.

In the above list all are CASH Premiums, of which there are 89,944 of $2 each, and ranging from that amount to $5,100—a *Cash Premium for EVERY subscriber,* none less than $2, and

It Costs Nobody Anything to Subscribe,

As the subscription price will be deducted when the Cash Premium is paid and subscription begins—*there are no blanks.*

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Remember, No Subscription Price Need be Sent, and No Charge for Tickets.

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Address all letters to **FARMERS' LEDGER, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA, Dec., 17, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

1884. — 1885.

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——THE "SUPPLY DEPOT,"——

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

In HOLIDAY ATTIRE, will repay a visit.

COME Early and Avoid the Rush.

G. R. SPIGELMYER.

December 15, '84.

For the Holidays at Garmans.

Artistic Stamping, at low prices, and during Dec. all handkerchiefs bought of us will be stamped free of charge. Plush Petals for making flowers in relief as used in decorative art needle work. All the materials used for Embroidery and fancy work, Tinsel Cord, Chenille, Arasene, fine Coin Purses, Toilet sets in Russia Leather and Plush Bronze goods, now just the thing for presents. Ash Receivers, Bronze Placques, Mirrors, etc. In Zephyrs and yarns we carry a magnificent line. In Seal Caps, for men and boys, our line is large. In Handkerchiefs we start at 3 cents; most popular linen will sell at 12½ cents; Ladies' colored border usual price, 25 cents. We only ask you to call and we are positive you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

——Wages run from 75 cents to $1 per day.

——Pete Herdic is at Williamsport on the sick list.

Choice candy, nuts and fruits for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——R. G. Brett, prothonotary elect, has moved to Bellefonte.

——Callers at the "Reporter" office: Chas. Stem and Sam'l Brown, of Harris, both sterling Democrats.

— Prof. Geo. Bible, of the *Democrat* will appear before the next Centre Co Teachers' Institute as an elocutionist, and will render some of his favorite pieces in a style that we know will bring down the house.

——John Bartges is having a steam saw mill put on his mountain tract back of Penn Hall.

——Wallace Duncan, we are informed, will soon be transferred to the Sunbury railroad office. Wallace was very obliging, always, as agent at Spring Mills.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and baps, go to the Bee Hive

Fancy cups and saucers, Majolica and queensware, selling cheap—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——Geo. B. Nash, ponce of the Spring Mills house, has got into jail at last, as will be seen in another column. We don't know of any one at or near Spring Mills who will pity Nash—all we think he is where they would like to see him, and the editor of the REPORTER also has good reasons to think so.

——There is rumor of a shoe-factory to be started here. Centre Hall is an excellent point for any kind of an enterprise; it has railroad facilities, cheap fuel, cheap lots, and plenty of water for engines. Our water has never yet failed, and has supplied farmers for miles around in dry seasons.

——Finest candies and nuts, especially for the holiday season, have just been received at Sechler's grocery. Their stock is not surpassed by any exclusive confectionery store in the county. Candies all pure, and of the finest grades.

——Col. Hastings had the officers of the 5th Reg. N G., to dine at his house, on Friday 5th inst. The fellows attacked large and substantial works thrown up under command of Mrs. Hastings, and behaved gallantly. We'll bet a dollar the fellows were almost as good on an attack of that kind as would-be the REPORTER forces—and that's saying a good deal.

Finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Centre county, now opened at the Bee Hive.

——Had about an inch of snow and some rain on Thursday night, 11, with a slight drizzle of rain on Friday.

——The holidays are near and so is the capital grocery of Sechler & Co. where a fresh stock of family groceries has been received especially for this season. If you want to enjoy good living over Christmas and New Years, go to Sechlers and provide yourself with good things now on hand there.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

All handkerchiefs bought at the Bee Hive, one price stores, until January 1. stamped fee of charge.

Large assortment of holiday goods at low prices; call and be convinced—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

Fur caps, muffs, capes—Garmans. 10

Clear Toys, 15 cents per lb.

Good mixture, candies, 15 cents per pound.

Stick Candy, 15 cents per pound.

Florida Oranges, 40 cents per dozen.

It will pay you to buy your Candy at Lewis', Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

A FORMER PROPRIETOR OF THE SPRING MILLS HOUSE COMMITTED TO JAIL.

We copy the following concerning Mr. Geo. B. Nash, not long ago proprietor of the Spring Mills House, from the Philad. *Press*. It is not generally considered that Mr. Nash's conduct while in this county was in accordance with strict rules of honor. His former acquaintances here will look with interst for further developments in the case. The dispatch in the *Press* is as follows:

Media, Dec. 4.—George B. Nash, at present the proprietor of the Dennis House, at Thirteenth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, was convicted in the Delaware Co. Quarter Session yesterday of larceny as bailee. In October, 1883, he was proprietor of the Ridley Park Hotel, at Ridley Park, Delaware Co.

In that month he advertised for a cashier and book-keeper who could deposit with his employer over $1000 as security. This advertisement was answered by Cornelius McCahill, a young Irishman, of New York City, and he accepted the position at $50 a month and board. He came on to Ridley Park, deposited his $1000 with Nash and at once entered upon the duties of his new position.

McCahill the only witness called by the prosecution, testified that he deposited the $1000 in Nash's hands. On the witness stand McCahill presented a copy of the agreement, the original being given to Nash. He also produced a receipt for the $1000. He said he was at the Ridley Park hotel in Nash's employ nearly 5 months. He only received $29 the whole time he was there, and repeatedly demanded his deposited money. Nash refused to return it.

The defense made strenuous efforts to prove that the money was only a loan and that the defendant was not criminally liable; that when McCahill deposited the money he was told it was to pay a former check of Nash's. Nash denied the existence of any agreement, but said he had given McCahill a bill of sale on the goods in the house. The bill of sale was afterwards shown to be a myth. Nash had from time to time given promissory notes for the money, but none of them were paid.

Judge Clayton's charge was not favorable to the defendant. He said that if the jury believed that the money was deposited, as was alleged by the prosecutor, Nash was clearly guilty of the charge of larceny as bailee. He said he had given a bill of sale and then acknowledged selling the goods afterward. The jury were out less than half an hour. When the jury came in the defendant, who had been out on bail, had started for home, and a couple of officers were immediately sent after him. After some time Nash was brought into court, and his counsel moved for a new trial and arrest of judgment. The motion for a new trial will be argued on Monday next. In the meantime Nash has been committed to jail.

George B. Nash is a man well known in Philadelphia and vicinity. For some years past he has been in the hotel business, but never very long in one place. A few years ago he conducted a large house, with a good run of patronage, at Atlantic City, and the past summer he conducted a small house at Cape May, opposite Congress Hall, called the St. George.

——Fine confectioneries, made of pure stock, nuts of all kinds, fruit and other Holiday goods in abundance at Seclers. All fresh goods and the best in market. Don't miss Sechlers when you want any thing in the grocery line.

Centre Co. Teachers' Institute meets in the Court-house, Bellefonte, Dec. 22-26.

INSTRUCTORS:

Rev. Dr. A. R. Horne.....Allentown, Pa., Ex-Principa Keystone State Normal School.
Prof. Geo. P. Bard, A. M.....Lock Haven, Pa., Principal Central State Normal School.
Prof. J. W. Heston.....Professor in State College.
Prof. S. N. Christie.....Lock Haven, Pa.
George P. Bible.....Bellefonte, Pa., Graduate National School of Oratory.

LECTURERS:

Dr. G. W. Atherton...../Pres't Penn's State College.
Prof. J. Y. McKee.....Prof. in Penn's State College.
Mrs. J. Ellen Foster.....Clinton, Iowa.

READERS AND RECITERS:

Miss Mary Wadlie.....Lock Haven, Pa.
Mr. George P. Bible.....Bellefonte, Pa
Mr. George O. Foal.....Bellefonte, Pa.

——Mrs. James Sweetwood, of near Centre Hill, who had been confined some 5 weeks with typhoid fever, is able to be up again. One of the daughters in the family is now having an attack from the same disease.

——A cancerous tumor was taken from the breast of Mrs. Ezra Krumbine, one day last week, under the surgical operation of Dr Jacobs assisted by Dr. Alexander. We are pleased to note that the operation has given her relief.

——DON'T FORGET to examine the new goods at E. A. Glenn & Co's, Centre Hall, before you buy elsewhere.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

——The schools at Mt. Eagle, this county, were closed on account of diptheria.

——I. Henry Keller, of this place, has returned from his Kansas trip. He purchased a farm in that state, and will move on it the coming spring.

If you want the TWO papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World" for one year at $2.50, you can have the two by sending us the $2.50 in advance and a new name with $2.50, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

Low prices and good goods in great demand. You cannot do better than at Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1 25 are 10 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

Ladies Rush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Call to see our bargains in velvets—Garmans. 10

——A. C. Mingle's shoe-store, in the Brockerhoff house block, is the leader in boots and shoes, both for elegance of assortment and bargains. All goods purchased is warranted and money refunded when not found as represented. Call at Mingle's before purchasing elsewhere, and you won't regret it.

A NECESSITY.

Times may be as dull as they can be, and business at a stand still, yet people must of necessity wear boots and shoes—this no sane person will dispute. And since these articles are a necessity it is well for people to know where to go to get what will please and suit them. A visit to the store of Powers & Son is all that is needed to satisfy any gentleman or lady that they keep the largest and finest stock in this section of the state. As for prices the times make it necessary that they should sell at the least possible margin, and this is just what Powers & Son are doing. They adapt themselves to the wants of the people in assortment as well as to their pinched circumstances from the dullness of the times. Powers & Son never impose upon customers—they study to please.

——Henry Boozer has a touch of Kansas fever and he thinks it will take him off.

——A dwelling and coal sheds will next be erected by Mr. I. J. Grenoble at Centre Hall station. His grain house is finished.

Start in the new year with the Reporter and the N. Y. Weekly World, at $2.60, or with a new name at $2.50 for the two papers one year.

——Fine vases and other fancy goods of the finest quality, at Zellers' drug store for the holidays. 2

☞The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year in advance.

——Mr. Joseph Grossman, farmer, of Penn, favored the Reporter with a call.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——Mr. Alfred Durst came nigh being mixed with sausage meat while assisting Mr. Wm. Spangler at butchering, one day last week. The knives of the chopper machine were raised and as Mr. Durst bent his head over the block by some accident the knives which had been thrown back, fell forward, striking the back of his head cutting some ugly gashes as they came upon him.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

Our stamping department is a success in every particular—Garmans. 10

Instructions given in arasene and chenille embroidering—Garmans. 10

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 36 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank-frame House, Bank Barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water. Adjoins the VanVaizah farm 1½ m. west of Centre Hall. 17dec6t WM. HORNER.

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride near Centre Hall, on Dec. 11, by Rev. W. K. Foster, Mr. Charles Arney and Miss Blanche Lingle, of Centre Hall.

DIED.

On Dec. 5, in Georges Valley, Mrs. Lydia Ripka, wife of Chas. Ripka, aged 85 years, 11 months, 22 days.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 25c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 50c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 28c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; lard, per pound, 12c; o ions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 10c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 78
White & Mixed	75
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 16; shoulder, 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

OATS.—Per, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

Our stamping department is overrun with work, reason why: first-class work at very low prices—Garmans. 10

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY!

A FINE AND COSTLY DOLL, large and pretty as a real baby, to be chanced for, between now and New Years, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

Cedars, Bellefonte, have just unpacked the finest TOYS for boys and girls ever brought to Bellefonte. If you want something to please the little ones during the holidays, go to Cedars for it, by all means.

.....O.....

CONFECTIONERIES for the Holidays, of all grades, from the finest to the lowest, qualities, the sweetest and largest lot ever brought to this county, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

NUTS of all kinds and from every land, for the Holidays, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

GO TO CEDARS if you want to buy a nice Christmas gift, in the line of Toys, Fine Candies, Nuts—they have an immense stock for the Holidays, and it will pay just to call and see the pretty and good things they have.

.....O.....

DO YOU want to take a chance in a drawing for the prettiest DOLL you ever saw? go to Cedars, 25 cts. a chance.

CHRISTMAS ITEMS

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....O.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 34'c.tf

——Quite a serious affair occurred at Woodward, a few weeks ago, as we are informed. A bad feeling existed for some time between a young man named Etlinger and Mr. Treatser employed at one of the sawmills. A party of millhands being in at Woodward, a quarrel arose in the store. Etlinger went outside and stood at the door and as one of the men was about to pass out on his way home, carrying a can of oil, Etlinger struck him across the head with a club, knocking him down, and then followed up the blow with several others, when the club or billy flew out of his hand and he ran home. The man had his skull fractured by the first blow. Etlinger was arrested and taken to Bellefonte, where he secured bail for his appearance at next term of court.

——A fine toilet set is the handsomest and most acceptable Christmas gift you can give. Zellers drug store has them. 2

——Philip Meyer, of near Coburn, gave the "Reporter" a visit. Philip is a capital miller, and has his eye on Centre Hall for a mill.

—— Canary birds, sweetest singers, and elegant cages, at Zellers' drug store. Just the articles suited for a Christmas gift. 2

——All wishing to join a class in vocal music, under Prof. Ph Meyer, are requested to meet in the school-house, on Friday evening, 19.

——A gentleman always appreciates an all wool or silk muffler for a Christmas present. Wolfs have them from 25 cents to $2.

——Go to Wolfs and buy a handsome lamp to present to your friend. A nice variety at from $1 to $2, complete.

——Mr. James Alexander, of Earlystown, has a calf which, when 18 hours old, weighed 110 pounds. In talking about "big calves" Mr. Alexander's must be placed in the front.

——Grenoble has a grain house and coal yard at Linden Hall. Mr. D. T. Weiland superintends the business.

——Go to Wolfs and see their Christmas notions before buying elsewhere.

——A cologne set makes a beautiful Christmas present for a lady. Wolfs have them.

——E. A. Glean & Co., Centre Hall, are receiving new goods every day.

——Mr. John Rishel, Esq., of Mifflinburg, and cousin of our townsman John Rishel, died last week.

——A wild turkey weighing twenty pounds was shot by John Long, at the mountain south of Tussyville, the other day.

——Wednesday gave signs for more snow.

Go to Lewis', Humes' block, Bellefonte, for your Christmas Candies, and save money.

Church Festivals supplied with Candies at reduced rates.

The largest stock of candies ever brought to Centre county, at, Lewis', Humes' block, Bellefonte.

——The REPORTER and the "Weekly World" can be had one year by sending us $2.60 in advance. The best bargain yet offered.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		41¼	—49¾
Wheat	"	70¾	—77¼
Oats	"	23¾	— 34½
Pork	"	10.02	
Lard	"	6 55	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

25dec1tf

MONEY CAN BE MADE

by any man or woman, girl or boy, who will organize clubs for THE WEEKLY WORLD. The great farm and home newspaper is complete in all its departments.

Agents paid **In Cash.** For 100 subscribers, at $1 each, $25 will be paid; for 50 subscribers, $12; for 25 subscribers, $6; for 15 subscribers, $3; for 10 subscribers, $2; for 5 subscribers, $1.

Agents wanted in every town and village. Circulars and sample copies free. Send for them.

THE WORLD is the Banner Democratic Newspaper of the Union. Every Democrat should read it.

Daily, $8; Semi-Weekly, $2; Sunday, $1.50; Weekly, $1 per year. TRY IT!

THE WORLD, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

An old subscriber of the REPORTER, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the REPORTER and the "Weekly World" 1 year.

Fancy groceries for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed, sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 22apr8m

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—Estate of Jacob Smith, late of Potter twp., dec'd, by virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, there will be sold at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885, at 2 p. m., a tract of land situate in Potter twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone heap, thence by lands formerly of J. Moran south 33½° east 55 perches to stones, thence by lands of John Neff north 55¼° east 54½ perches to stones, thence by residue of tract north 33½° west 54½ perches to a chestnut oak, thence by mountain south 55¼° west 54½ perches to the place of beginning, containing 18 ACRES and 4 perches and a special allowance of three per cent. for roads. The improvements are a good frame House, Stable and other outbuildings.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year, and the balance in two years. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and to bear interest from the date of confirmation of sale.

C. DALE, Jr.,
Administrator.

ESTRAY—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Oct. 1, a brindle heifer about two years old, with nick cut out of left ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same. WM. LOSE.
3dec6t Gregg twp.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, in the matter of the estate of Hugh Laurrimore, deceased.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of the Administrators of Hugh Laurrimore, dec'd, and make distribution to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will be in his office at Bellefonte, Friday, Dec. 19, 1884, at 10 a. m., when and where all in interest may attend. ELLIS L. ORVIS,
3dec td Auditor.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND.

Probably no other group in the wide world carries more curiosities, natural and artificial, than Queen Charlotte's Island; few, I think, have as many in the same extent of country. The geologist, the mineralogist, the botanist, the agriculturist, may each of them find here a wide field for research, while the antiquarian, the teleologist and others of the ilk would be highly interested. In their strange and wonderful sea margins; in their not less wonderful caverns, in which nature's work in long past ages is written as plainly as on the pages of a book; in their rocks, whose volcanic contortions smite the beholder with mute amazement; in their shells which as fossils are found deep down in the seams of their anthracite coal, while near Cape Ball the same sort are found alive in the sands of the seashore—of these the geologist could write volumes. In their quartz ledges which have been traced from shore to shore, in which gold is plainly visible in coal measures and other minerals, a wide field may yet be found for the mineralogist. The various kinds of plants belonging to these islands, the tiny flowers in their natural beauty peeping out from behind the melting snow drift on the lonely mountains, the modest lupins and the luscious strawberries, nature's gift to man, and even the broad leaved bush grass—all these, as they follow in the wake of the of the receding waters of Queen Charlotte's stormy seas, would yield an ample store for the botanist. Among their snow clad mountains, by the wild torrent and the gentle river, by the lights and shades reflected by the sunset hills in autumn's shortening days, a boundless range is offered for the pencil's magic skill, while the broad acres of rich alluvial bottoms and the nutritious grasses waving in the breeze would lead the farmer to say: —"Oh, if these lands were mine and my flocks and herds ranged over the luxuriant plenty they afford!" To the antiquarian, the ethnologist and other scientists, the rich carving on the columns and the quaint legends they depict and the legendary lore of the people would afford a vast untrodden field. Even the conchologist would feel at home on the abalone shell-covered shores of Pillon Bay and on the rocks of North Island. To the piscatorial disciples of Izzak Walton an unlimited amount of sport is furnished by the streams. In them they can find the silver salmon and the dainty little trout of the mountain rill. If tired of these and wishing large sports, let them go to the greater depths of ocean, down to where the stormy winds of winter are never felt, to where, deep in the ocean's caves, they will find a myriad throng of those denizens of the deep, the black cod.

JUDGING OF DISTANCE.

It is very difficult to judge of distance at sea. Refraction always changes the apparent place of an object, so that we seem to see the sun after it has gone below the horizon. A more striking but less frequent phenomenon of refraction is that known as mirage. Refraction also affects the color of an object. The media through which light passes has more or less effect upon the ray. In a fog objects are dimly seen, the effect resembling that due to distance; hence objects look larger, for the eye judges of the size of an object by multiplying the size of the image or impression received by the square of the distance, while the latter is estimated from the indistinctness of the object. In the fog the apparent distance is increased, but the eye interprets it as due to the opposite cause. On looking at the photograph of a tree, a church, a monument or a pyramid, it is not possible to form a correct idea of its size unless a man or animal is seen in the same view, with which to compare it. In nature, especially on land, the intervening objects that lead up to it give the data on which to calculate the distance. Where none intervene, as in looking from peak to peak, the eye must depend on distinctness, and where the air is very clear and transparent, as in Colorado, distances seem less than they are. If the object is seen through transparent, but colored, media, the form remains true, but the colors are changed.

CONTENTS OF AN OHIO MOUND.

An Ohio mound was recently explored. It is located near the centre of Morgan Township, is about fifty feet in diameter at the base and six feet high, the top being a level circle thirty-five feet across. The investigation revealed that the mound was formed chiefly of surface soil and made wholly on top of the ground. At the depth of three feet was found a ring of ashes five feet in width and two feet deep, containing bits of charcoal. The diameter of the ring is about twenty feet. In and about this were found human bones that had evidently been burned. Inside this, lying at the very bottom of the mound on the original soil, were found in a tolerable state of preservation the skeletons of four full-grown persons, one of them a woman, upon whom lay the bones of a well-developed infant. The bodies were huddled together without any systematic arrangement. The skulls were of good size and shape. Only the bones of one showed signs of fire.

——Oranges and lemons, new dried fruit, first quality, at Wolfs.

——A nice assortment of mustache cups at Wolfs.

We are sorry to announce the death of that estimable lady, Mrs. J. Shannon McCormick, of near State College, which occurred at her home Tuesday morning, 25th ult., of capillary brochitis, at the age of 59 years, 1 day. The deceased was the youngest daughter of John Beck, Sr., dec'd, one of the first settlers in Snydertown, Walker twp., where she was born and raised. Early in youth she joined the Lutheran church of which she was an active and efficient member up to the time of her death. She lived an exemplary Christian life, and in her death the church loses an active and efficient member; the husband a worthy helpmate in life; the children a kind, affectionate mother; the community a highly esteemed neighbor, and the poor a liberal friend. She will be missed by many but their loss is her gain. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

The Rev. W. Stout, Wiarton, Ont., states: After being ineffectually treated by 17 different doctors for scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write for proof.

——Wolfs have an assortment of handkerchiefs unexcelled in this valley. They make beautiful presents for ladies or gentlemen.

——Kennedy, the jeweler, has an engraving machine, and does engraving on short notice and in elegant style.

The condition of the people in the Northern pineries of Michigan is most wretched. Men are working for 10 cents a day.

"Lapeer, Mich., Feb. 2, '81.—I am in receipt of your circular. I keep a good supply of your Downs' Elixir (all the sizes,) believing it to be the best Cough Remedies put up. I also keep Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

U. D. BRISTOL, Druggist."

The above named remedies are all warranted to give satisfaction, and can be found in any first class drug store.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure,* that a *Positive, Sure,* and

NEVER-FAILING CURE

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